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A

# WORLD

WITHOUT

# SOULS.

" ——Dat inania verba,
DAT SINE MENTE sonum."—VIRGIL.

BY

J. W. CUNNINGHAM, A.M.
VICAR OF HARROW ON THE HILL.

SIXTH EDITION:
WITH GREAT ALTERATIONS.

*LONDON:*
PRINTED FOR J. HATCHARD,
BOOKSELLER TO THE QUEEN,
190, OPPOSITE ALBANY, PICCADILLY;
AND MESSRS. CADELL AND DAVIES, STRAND.
1816.

S. Gosnell, Printer, Little Queen Street, London.

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1816

# PREFACE

TO THE

# FIFTH EDITION.

It has seemed right to the Author to meet the increased demand for this little work, by the publication of another edition. But, at the same time, it appeared to be a duty which he owed, both to himself and to the public, not to republish a work, written at a very early period of his life, without attempting some correction of its more obvious faults. Accordingly, the fifth edition is presented to the public with great alterations. One new chapter had already been added in the fourth edition, and another is added in this. The Author



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has moreover bestowed no little pains in qualifying both sentiments and expressions which greatly needed such qualification. It was also his wish, as well to have cleared the work of an air of flippancy and severity too prevalent in many parts of it—as to have simplified and otherwise improved its style. But the faults, both of manner and of composition, are in many instances so wrought into the texture of the work, that it is impossible materially to change the one without destroying the other. He has therefore only to request, that the public, who have so charitably received it in its original state, will extend their patronage to it now that it appears, as he hopes, with less glaring deficiencies than before.

HARROW,
*Jan.* 11, 1815.

# Dedication

TO A

# WORLD *WITH* SOULS.

It is peculiar to Columbus and to me to make the old world acquainted with a new one. But it is not only thus generally that we resemble each other. Some Spanish historians, who perhaps thought that the hemisphere in which they themselves lived, must of necessity be the best of all possible hemispheres; or who imagined it of little use to have discovered a world if it was not a strange world; or who suspected that the

achievements of some of their countrymen in America might, by the world in general, be mistaken for murder—endeavoured to prove that the *Americans had no souls.* Now, what was charged upon his world, is true of that to which I introduce you. They *are without souls.*

It may be thought that the history of Columbus might have rendered me more cautious in making known my discoveries. The irons, in which he was permitted to moralize on the benefits of enriching and improving mankind, are doubtless kept ready, by the Inquisition, for those who shall be weak enough to repeat his offence. If, however, my perils were greater than they are, I should still not hesitate to encounter them. "Being a man, all that is human is dear to me;" and I must not hesitate

to plunge into the gulf, if I may hope to bury any of the vices or follies of the world with myself.

Let me entreat, however, that nothing I have said may lead you, for a moment, to confound the discoveries of Columbus with mine. It might have been well, if, in addition to, or perhaps in the place of, the gold of the western continent, Europe had imported some of her rough virtues. These, passed, if I may so speak, through a Christian mint, might, by their sterling weight, have served to displace some baser metal from the circulation. But my world, I fear, has few qualities which it would be desirable to transplant to any new soil. I leave you, therefore, with this request,—that, as a world *with* souls, you will make a world *without* souls your negative example; by neglecting many

things which it does, and doing every thing which it neglects.

A friend to yourself and an enemy to your vices,

I am, &c. &c.

THE AUTHOR.

A

# WORLD WITHOUT SOULS.

## CHAP. I.

"WHENCE it is plain that these men *have no souls.*"—"Incredible!" said Gustavus, as he read the sentence—"the Spaniard must be mistaken."—"By no means incredible," said M. who read the sentence with him.

The two remarks were made beneath the shade of an oak which frowned over one of the wildest rocks of St. Foy. Gustavus was seventeen; his friend was sixty. They were the inhabitants of a cottage, for whose foundation its builders might be said to have wrenched a spot of ground from nature. A little

level had been planed in the stubborn surface, and their two rooms rested upon the mountain like the nest of some bird upon the bosom of the woods.

M. had brought his young companion to Switzerland when an infant, and they had not quitted it even for a day. Gustavus had lost his parents before he could learn their inestimable value. There was therefore an easy translation of his affection to the person of M. whom he loved, as the heart is likely to love, which has but few objects. For M. also habit had in a great measure done the work of nature: and this son of his adoption occupied that place in his bosom which his own had left empty by an early flight to Heaven. A simple, but a solemn compact, seemed to have taken place between them—"I will be to thee a parent—I will be to thee a child."

I ought to describe the persons whom I have thus introduced upon the scene, and shall begin with M.—Le Brun

would have said, from his wrinkled countenance, " he is a man familiar with sorrows." If, however, he had ever tossed in a sea of troubles, it was evident that the storm was gone by. Piety and peace had met together in his bosom; and, like the fabulous twins of other days, this union had spread a calm upon the waters. His manner, perhaps, had suffered more than his character; it was absent, and sometimes abrupt. His conversation was rather surrendered than bestowed; but it was a generous and entire surrender when the demand was made. If his sayings had a flavour of salt in them, they had no bitterness. Like most men, he had peculiarities; some of which were by no means defensible. He valued knowledge, for instance, but he sought it in unusual channels. He loved virtue, but he sometimes pursued it by questionable courses. In the opinion of the world his sentiments also upon religion would,

I fear, be esteemed peculiar;—his charities might by some be called extravagance, and his piety enthusiasm—but then the judgment of the world is not always to be trusted upon these points. In the village of St. Foy the simple people loved him as a father.—And they saw him too often and too clearly to be much mistaken in him.

There is another portrait yet to be sketched, but it is easily done. At the age of Gustavus characters have much the same features. Not indeed that the mind is the mere sheet of white paper to which some philosophers have compared it. For, if as susceptible, it is by no means as pure. But as, in our way to manhood, the body universally becomes a prey to a certain series of known evils; so the same diseases early discover themselves in the human heart, and display themselves in nearly the same form, till modified by circumstances. —M. knew the heart of man, for he

had studied it in his own; and, in dependence upon Divine assistance, had consecrated all his skill to the cultivation of that of Gustavus. It is true, indeed, that our first years seldom supply that sober ear which the lessons of religion demand: but then every avenue to the heart is open; and whatever spirit is introduced into the system, often lives, though latent, and animates the frame for ever. Early piety may sometimes languish, but then it is often but for a season; as M. would illustrate it—"rivers sometimes suddenly disappear, but as often rise again in a distant spot with brighter waves and increased rapidity." He added—"Early scholars in religion are the best, for they have less to unlearn. Indeed it is rare to see the grey hairs of Devotion silver the head which was not *early* taught of Heaven." The method, however, of M. was, as we have said, too extraordinary to be praised even in the event of

its success. Nothing, however, very remarkable appeared in the character of his pupil. Nature, indeed, had endowed him with a kind of naïveté; the scenes in which he had lived had thrown a colouring of romance over his sentiments: his principles were those of M. and he had gained something of his solidity. He thought the world happy, for he was happy himself; and virtuous, because he knew more of what it owed to God, than of the manner in which it discharged its debt. He was credulous because he was inexperienced. His good and evil qualities, in short, were the growth of St. Foy; and, though the flowers of the desert may be the most secure, they are seldom the most brilliant.

Gustavus had read to the line which was quoted in a Spanish author of the sixteenth century. I shall be expected to say something of the object of this writer, and the plan by which he pursued it. As to the first, he was an apo-

logist for the crimes of his countrymen in America. It was, indeed, of importance to justify, in the eyes of other nations, and other religions, men who had, in many instances, disgraced religion by the grossest crimes. The plan of his apology was not at all unworthy the end which the good Jesuit had in view. He first imputed to the Americans acts of stupidity which nothing that had a soul could have committed, and which the Americans never did commit; and then, as a consequence of this alleged stupidity, denied they *could have souls.*

The common sense of Gustavus had forced from him the exclamation we have read, and the eccentricity of M. the declaration which followed. M. as we have said, loved experiments, and he had determined to show his pupil the world, through a singular medium. "If," said he, "I can bring him to a conclusion that those who live as the world live

can have no souls—his next conclusion will be—that he, who has a soul, must shun the follies and vices into which they run."—Thus was the point made out. M. sighed to think, that, to make Gustavus what he ought to be, he must endeavour to render him unlike many of his fellow-creatures. This regret, however, was not strong enough to check his design; and, as he was no longer an old man when he had a new and favourite project to execute, he rushed upon it at once. "It is by no means incredible then," said he to Gustavus, "that this people should have no souls. Other writers have held the same opinion of still larger portions of the world. *Mahomet*, for instance, knew the world, perhaps as well as any uninspired person, and he declares that women have no souls. *Monboddo*, a great philosopher, even in a country of philosophers, and who also says he knew the world, contends that men are only monkies who have rubbed away their tails. A grave Spanish writer

has made this theory more probable by actually proving that the Jews had once tails. Why then should the Americans have souls?" Gustavus was unaccustomed to contend, and was therefore silent. "But this is not all," continued M.: "there is nothing so profound as a German metaphysician; and many of them doubt whether *even a metaphysician has a soul.* The French Encyclopediasts also—the editors of seventy gigantic volumes—the authors of a more gigantic revolution, assert the same thing; and their disciples, the actors of a revolution, appear to have embraced their opinion. But you shall convince yourself—I will carry you to a *city* where they *have no souls.*"

"What is the soul?" said Gustavus.

"To that question," said M. "as you may learn from the case of one of the followers of Aristotle, it is not easy to reply. His master thought the soul *immaterial,* and therefore called it ἀὐλος

(a-ūlos), which means 'immaterial.' Now the good Dominicans happened to read it αυλος (aulos), which means a *pipe*. The consequence of this error was, that, in a public exercise, he brought fourteen arguments to prove *the soul a whistle*. But, as a royal author says, '*les sottises* '*des pères sont perdues pour leurs enfants*;' —every man must have his own. Undeterred, therefore, by his failure, I will venture to say thus much of the soul: *it is that property of man in which he resembles God, and by which he is distinguished from the brutes*. I may add, that this resemblance, and this distinction, both consist in virtue."

"The resemblance evidently; but there are surely other lines of distinction?"

"If they are lines, they are mathematical lines, without any properties but those which mathematicians assign them. Some *powers* of animals are as strong; some *instincts* are stronger. The *dog* of

Ulysses *remembered* his master when his family forgot him. The *ants* of Flanders were more *provident* than the great Marlborough. He found himself (says one of his annalists) on the plains of Ghent, without a grain of corn to subsist his army; but supplied them, for some days, upon that which the ants had laid up for their winter's provision."

"My lines of distinction, I see, are points."

"And your points are air. All distinction but virtue is a mere breath. To be *happy*, is sometimes the lot of animals; to be *good*, is the privilege of man alone. But, Gustavus, in my turn, I must ask you some questions. According to our argument, if a man has a soul, must he not, in all reason, endeavour to be distinguished from the brutes?"

"Yes."

"Must he not endeavour to resemble God?"

"Yes."

"Are not his obligations to these endeavours so imperious, that if we find a being, though in the shape of man, who disdains them himself, and laughs at them in others, we may conclude he has *no soul?*"

"I should think so"—said Gustavus.

"Then I will pledge myself to show you a multitude of persons such as these. —We will sail for the city of O. in a week."

Before I embark with my readers upon this singular expedition, I must try to obviate an objection to this history. They will possibly tell me, that "it is improbable M. would employ such arguments, and still more improbable Gustavus should be convinced by them." To this charge I answer—that I never attempted to justify M.; I have called his plans "questionable;" and this project has proved that I have not so called them without reason.—As to Gustavus—though somewhat staggered by the con-

clusion at which they had arrived, he could not venture to doubt of its truth, whilst he thought that he had seen and handled every link in the chain of their argument.—My reader should also remember, that, in his eyes, M. was clothed in a kind of papal infallibility, which shielded his opinions almost from examination. But, more than this—Gustavus had rarely or never been deceived.—And it is an unusually bad mind to which suspicion is *natural*—or which looks for snares before it has fallen into them. For my own part, I place little confidence in the man on whom no stratagem ever succeeded; and I ever give that mind credit for the greatest familiarity with truth, which least questions the veracity of another. —He therefore who thinks with me, will acknowledge, that credulity is *that* weakness which lingers the longest amidst the virtues; and in such a case as that of Gustavus, if he admire him the

less for it, will yet perhaps love him the more. He will perhaps speak of him as

> " a brother, noble,
> Whose nature is so far from doing harm,
> That he suspects none."

## CHAP. II.

SHAKESPEARE, although he violates every one of the unities, is yet a philosopher and a poet. He says,

> "Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
> And the first motion, all the interim is
> Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream."

Gustavus could attest the truth of this, for he was to travel, and he was in love. "It is hard," he almost murmured, "to leave one who has a soul, for those who have none." But it is those who are left that are the greatest sufferers. All is loss to them; whilst those who travel, if they lose in one scale, by shifting scenes and new connexions, gain a something in the other. "If they have no souls, my Emily," he said, "at least their hearts cannot be worth the having."

—Emily was the daughter of a Mad. de N. a widow, and an inhabitant of the same valley.—M. had known her in other scenes. Each had been unfortunate; and each found, next to their heavenly Friend, their best refuge in the tenderness of the other. Switzerland, till ruffian feet had penetrated her recesses, was a city of refuge to the miserable of every age and country. The solitary grandeur of her mountains harmonized with the frame of their mind. Weary of man, they often sought, and found, a shelter in the untenanted scenes of nature.

These two little families were much united, for they had the "bond which no man breaketh," the bond of common principles. M. used to say, "We want no other chain of affection than the knowledge that we are Christians. As such, we must weep and we may rejoice together; for we have been wrecked by the same storm, and are rescued by the same Redeemer." It was reasoning only

fit for St. Foy, but her *vallies* seemed to *clap their hands* when they heard it.

It was upon the eve of their departure that M. and his young friend walked for the last time to the cottage of Mad. de N. She had been long familiar with the method of education which M. had adopted. This last scheme was more extraordinary than the rest, and she had reasons of the heart and head for venturing to condemn it. But M.'s principles so tempered his singularities, and the good in his object generally so completely swallowed up all that was dubious in the execution of his plans, that she was obliged to submit.—" His ignorance," said M. " so favours the deceit, and O. is so fair a theatre for it, that I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of forcing him to acknowledge how ill the duties and the conduct of mankind accord."—" He might," she said, " learn it from *himself*."—" Our own faults," said M. " are the last which we make our

preceptors."—" He shall learn it from *me*," said Mad. de N.—" *Mahomet* did not know this woman," thought M.

The dialogue of the younger couple may be conceived. Such sayings are like some of the wines of the south, delicious in their proper soil, but they will not bear transporting. " I will write to my Emily whether this people have souls."—" May Heaven," she answered, " take the charge of your own !"

They travelled slowly, for the suns of these vallies are the foes of activity : and as they were not Englishmen, they did not feel themselves obliged to move as though they were running against time. Foreigners are much astonished at the celerity with which many English travellers make the circuit of Europe. " C'est un peuple hypocondriaque " — they sometimes say — " a people who travel to escape suicide." The fact is, that too many Englishmen carry through Europe the persuasion, that no

country is worth examining but their own; and, thus, the same prejudices which make travelling more essential to them than to any other nation, by haunting them as they move, make it often also more unprofitable.

"There are few men," says a French author, "who know how to take a walk:" if this be true, it will be scarcely disputed that there are still fewer who know how to make a journey. St. Foy, however, by the interest it was calculated to give its inhabitants in the scenes of nature, was a school in which such a lesson could scarcely fail to be learnt; and M. had studied every page in the great volume of the universe with a curious eye. He found

"Tongues in the trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

"There is something in the sweet hour of prime," he said, as they once met the ascending day, "which seems to give

me another being. It appears like a new creation, and I almost expect to hear the morning stars again 'shout together for 'joy.' The people of O. sleep long after the sun has quitted his eastern chamber."

"They can have *no souls*," said G.

"I am not surprised," continued M. "that as the unenlightened nations see the orbs of heaven rolling in brightness, they are tempted to adore them. It is said that some of the tribes of *America* worship the sun as the image of God."

"It is an error," said G.; "but so sublime an error, that the Spaniard must be mistaken."

He lifted his eye to the Alps, which towered around him. A better philosophy was almost necessary to teach men that they are not the pillars on which the heavens are propped. "When one observes the immensity of their bases," he said, "and the abruptness with which they terminate, we cannot but imagine that their heads soar far beyond the

clouds in which we lose them."—"They do," replied M.; "and in this they shadow out the true religion. Her base is as gigantic, and we should wonder if her summit were not wrapped in mysteries which nothing but the eye of Heaven could penetrate."

Gustavus exclaimed, "Such must be the *religion of souls*."

There was a pause, for there is something in moments such as these which disposes the mind to silence. But then again, the result of this is sometimes an abundance of the heart, out of which the mouth will speak. "How much do I owe you," said Gustavus, "that you have taught me to enjoy moments such as these; and, what is more, to improve them! If ever my mind feels as it ought, it is at such seasons as these."

"I will repeat you some verses," said M. "which say the same thing. They were written on a *winter's morning*, when those who love the day are almost impa-

tient of the slow steps by which it advances.

Sunk is that orb in endless sleep
Which us'd to meet our opening eyes;
And angry nature bids us weep
A polar night in southern skies.

Eye of the heav'ns! perhaps thy sight
Has sicken'd at a world of crime;
And (wrapp'd o'er us the pall of night,)
Thy rays will light some happier clime.

Perhaps thy last sad course was run
Through realms which fear and hate the day;
Where ruffians curse the coming sun,
Where idlers sleep whole suns away.

E'en *here* thy burning view would see
Unblushing vice and passion rude,
And seldom bent the suppliant knee,
And still the lip of gratitude.

Or didst thou roll thy glowing wheel
Where dark Ambition goads her steed;
And plotting statesmen whet the steel,
And bid the mortal battle bleed?

Or where the Gaul, from Lodi's bridge,
With slaughter'd armies chokes the flood;
Or where he scales the Alpine ridge,
And dies its virgin snows with blood?

Such scenes must wound the eye of Heaven—
But has not Heaven, since time begun,
Flung all its million gifts around
On those who ne'er return'd it one?

O! starting from thine *almost death*,
Mark, sluggard, *now* yon orb arise;
And charge the morning's earliest breath
With incense to its native skies:

See yon blue arch the surface span;
To guilty worlds, see day is given—
O! Heaven is still the friend of man,
Though man is still the foe of Heaven.

I have no obligation to tell my readers in what direction our travellers journeyed. A few days however brought them to a sea-port; the wind was favourable, and a ship ready to sail. They had no sooner lost sight of the fat and lazy plains on the one shore, than the giant cliffs of the other met their eye. G. was sur-

prised to observe the separating waters so narrow. "Compared," he said, "with the seas one reads of, it is but a river, and one is amazed to find its opposite banks so different."—"They are not so different," said M. "as the people who inhabit them. Those philosophers, by the by, who think national character under the sole guidance of climate, who count the virtues of a people on a circle of latitude, and who measure their genius by a thermometer, would find this difference a difficult problem. I wish, however, this difference of character were all. But the stream which divides their countries, whilst it is too narrow for their objects to be different, is too wide for their interests to be the same; and in the contest for these, they have shed as much *blood* as would purple all the waters between them."

"Their leaders, of course," said G. "know *they have no souls*, and then to spill this blood is little more than to disturb the same quantity of water."

## CHAP. III.

One of the most obvious claims which a reader has upon him who proposes to amuse or instruct him, is some kind of history of the characters of his drama. On this ground I think it right to give my readers a brief history of Mad. de N. It is M. who tells it; and if they begin to know him, they will perhaps wish to hear it from his lips rather than from mine. I will first, however, state the circumstance which drew forth this history.

It is well known that *love* is the topic, round which, as the bird round its nest, a person in love will continually hover. It was so with Gustavus; and M. had such pleasure in seeing him happy, that when the conversation of his young com-

panion thus settled to its centre, he made no efforts to fly off from it. One kind of philosophy, we read, proposed to govern the mind, as conquerors sometimes govern the countries they subdue, by annihilating every one who could resist. But with such philosophy M. had not thought it necessary to make Gustavus acquainted. He had taught him, however, the philosophy of Christ;—which takes the feelings as it finds them, and, leaving what is good in the heart, disciplines all that is rebellious. But it is not wonderful, that at his age, and scarcely familiar with his own principles, his feelings should, as it were, break bounds, and the turbulence of his love now and then escape in unguarded expressions.

It was a singular incident that struck out some expressions of this nature, and these again drew from M. the history of which we are in search. Our travellers were divided from the inhabitants of the next apartment, at an inn on the road,

by a very slight partition. But the walls of Thebes would have been almost insufficient to fortify them against the thunders of a tongue, which roared behind it. To this some gentle female voice replied. But the stronger animal appeared plainly to have no ear for it, and loaded the air with the most terrible imprecations. At intervals Gustavus was astonished to hear *God* and the *soul* summoned to sanction what seemed to be the threats of fury, falsehood, and impiety. His first inquiry naturally was, "how those *who had no souls*, and could have no God, could swear by them?"

M. was somewhat perplexed by the question, but at length answered—"There is nothing more usual. The ancients always swore by Styx, though not one in a million believed in the existence of such a river. They even made their gods swear by it, although they must know that the Styx never flowed through any regions, but the brains of a poet.

In like manner atheists, perhaps more than any other men, call God to witness what they say. Or if this explanation does not satisfy you, let the men of O. themselves do it. Charge them with oaths of this kind;—and, to a man, they will tell you ' that they had no meaning ' in them:'—so that you must not wonder, that they talk nonsense, when they mean nothing more."

"Thus far I must acknowledge," replied Gustavus, "that those who knew God would scarcely desire him as a witness of their own fury; and that those who *had souls* would scarcely stake them either upon a trifle, or a falsehood."

The conversation naturally soon turned upon the contrast of voice, manner, and character, which was displayed by the combatants.

"These two things are obvious concerning them," said M. "that they are man and wife, and that one is under the influence of religion, and the other un-

acquainted with it. Marriage, my dear Gustavus, is like some exquisite instrument, which can be tuned only by the hand of Heaven. God, who made the hearts, alone can harmonize them, by the infusion of common views, and hopes, and joys." It was here that those tempestuous feelings in Gustavus of which we spoke, broke out, and proved that man sometimes bows to other idols than those of wood and stone.

"Emily then being as good as she is," he said hastily, "I may love her; but, even were she otherwise, I should still hope to make her my own.—Let her have *love*—and *religion* would follow."

"I wished never to tell you the history of Madame de N." replied M. in his somewhat abrupt manner, "till it could be useful to you. This speech of yours convinces me you ought to hear it."

Gustavus rejoiced at this casual completion of a wish he had more than once

expressed in vain; and M. thus proceeded:

"The first words which Caroline St. Amand ever heard from the lips of her parents were those by which they taught her to honour God: and her knees were bent and her hands clasped in the attitude of devotion long before it was possible for her to know the object of prayer. They loved indeed to see her rehearse, from the first, those scenes of piety which they trusted she would act upon the stage of life. She lived with them therefore as in a temple, and soon felt every where that fear of doing wrong which even the worst sometimes manifest in spots sacred to religion.—The happiness of this small circle, however, was soon to be disturbed. Those who are the fittest for eternity seem often to be first called to the enjoyment of it. Her father died suddenly by a fever when she was ten years old; and her mother did not long survive him. The desire of her pa-

rents had been, that Caroline should be sent for the completion of her education to the place of her birth—a spot no less retired and romantic than St. Foy; and where a person resided every way fitted for the task. It was there she became that enthusiast in nature we have found her; and it was there she made her own those principles which the last breath of a parent had bequeathed to her. She, at first, respected religion for their sakes, and then loved it for its own. At the age of eighteen, however, she was summoned to the house of one of her relations who had undertaken the charge of her. He was a man singular in no respect; but one who, living in a capital, walked with the great herds of it, neither bending to the right hand nor to the left, to take an unusual step in the way of virtue. As Caroline quitted those oaks which, from a child, had waved their broad arms over her in defiance of the tempest, she thought

whether the world would, amidst its own storms, provide her friends such as these; and as they bowed their tall heads to the passing wind, she acknowledged it as a sort of silent language by which they bad her farewell. 'If,' she said to her melancholy companion, 'the spirit could 'take any visible form, you would often 'see me wandering amidst these shades 'we have loved together.'—'If not,' replied her aged friend, 'I shall hope to 'meet that spirit elsewhere.' Caroline soon left her retirement, casting almost that 'longing lingering look behind' which they cast who are passing from one world to another.

"But she was at an age when our opinions sit loosely upon us; and when, if the tastes and passions seem to take a stronger hold, still they are ready to quit it for any new object. It is not a matter of surprise therefore, that she had not been long placed in her new residence before she began to feel the influence of

that fascination which the walls of a great city are known to exercise upon those whom they encircle. The child of solitude indeed, especially where the wide difference between the world and retirement has not been fairly stated, is very apt to go into the world unprepared for the conflicts of it. Caroline fell a victim, in part, to this indiscretion. She had exchanged the rocks and trees, her former companions, for living creatures; and she soon caught something of the surrounding animation, and began rather to court dissipation than to retreat from it.

"During this time, although the principles she had at first learned, filled as large a place in her mind as ever, she naturally did not call them up to her view as frequently as before. She had not indeed abandoned them, but she had in a degree laid them by; little thinking that negligence is scarcely less fatal to them than opposition. I mention this state of her mind because it explains the circum-

stances which followed.—In this fatal hour M. de N. was introduced. He was a man to whose person and mind nature had given the most noble and masculine features; but she could not climb to Heaven to steal for him that sacred fire, without which, man had better have continued to slumber amidst his fellow-atoms in the dust. Religion, however, was less missed in him, who, without it, seemed to wear many of its graces; and Caroline, especially, was not at an age when, if she found what she admired, she was likely to pause, and ask, whither it tended, and whence it came. She who had studied man only in solitude, viewed him as she would any other production of nature; and, if the fruit appeared fair, at once pronounced the tree to be good. Every thing in the mind of N. was upon a large scale. His passions were strong, his imagination was warm, and his energy ever awake. It perhaps arose from this, that every day gave birth to some new

scheme, and that he seemed restless till an object or employment was found vast enough to seize upon his mind, and fill it. His quick perception of merit soon placed him at the side of Caroline, and his ardour and attractions in two months made her his wife.

"As they stretched their hands across the altar, he said, meaning to intimate the daily increase of their affection, in that figurative language which was peculiar to him, 'The flames lighted at the 'altar, Caroline, mingle more and more 'as they go onward.'—'Yes,' she said, 'because they are each taking their way 'to the same heaven.' N. smiled—but he had thought his image more significant of love than of religion.

"It is obvious, that every circumstance had conspired to lay asleep the principles of Caroline; but they had so incorporated themselves with her very nature, and were of so vigorous a constitution, that they were sure soon to

awake, and arise, and make themselves felt. If she had married a man without religion, it was not because she for a moment undervalued it,—but because she ignorantly imagined religion to be too excellent to have few friends, or at least N. too good not to be among them. If she ever suspected him, she yet charged his failings upon the vehemence of his nature and his want of opportunities. 'Love,' she said, with you, Gustavus, 'is the best school of piety; 'and if I have his heart in my hands, 'can I not mould it as I will?'

"Love has been often called a delirium;—and as, when a fever is off, the body feels doubly its first weakness and disease, so the soul is never so much itself, or the conscience so delicate and severe, as when this mental delirium has, in any degree, cooled. To this state Caroline was brought by marriage. It had not diminished her affection, but had

sobered it—and thus restored her to what she was.

"Although N. was for a time far too watchful of her happiness to give any direct wound to her feelings, still there is in religion or irreligion a kind of omnipresence, by which they are seen and felt in every thing which their possessors say or do. She soon saw therefore, that, if she attempted to touch the string of religion, there was within him nothing which answered; that whilst she hoped to walk as a stranger and pilgrim in this world, he made it his home; that if he did right, it was frequently without a motive, or from a false one. It was plain also, that he did not love her for her piety, but rather winked at it;—that he viewed it as her weak point—as a kind of dead weight, which her other excellencies alone could balance.

"I need not explain to you the effects of this discovery upon Caroline, or her sensations, when she saw herself

cast upon the world with such a guide. I have often, in my own mind, compared her situation to that of the unhappy creatures, who, as it is said, not unfrequently, in the northern seas, quit their boats in search of prey, and land upon the floating fields of ice: where suddenly some shock cuts off the morsel on which they rest, and they are launched into the vast deep, with no friend but their icy carriage.

"Of her conduct I must say, and my intimacy with both entitles me to speak confidently, that she bent every nerve to the task of reclaiming him; that she sometimes attempted to force, but oftener to soften a way to his heart—that she never forgot to be a wife, because he was not a Christian.

"But I have to explain the influence of her conduct upon her husband.

"She had hoped that there was some modification of an ambitious mind, by which it might aspire to an union with

God; and that the eye which rejoiced in every vast object, would naturally rest itself upon eternity. But she was deceived. Religion seemed, in his eyes, to degrade every thing which it touched. Although he looked above the world, he never looked to Heaven. For some years then he met her arguments and her affection, when employed in the service of religion, with almost equal insensibility. Nor was this all. It was impossible for such a mind as his to be long satisfied with the middle point, and there was therefore scarcely any place for him between an enthusiast and an infidel. In a short time, he found his little belief a burden to him, and became the last.

" I have said, with how lofty a nature he was endowed. His hopes and projects were such as might be expected from one thus constituetd, and did not accommodate themselves to the dull realities of life. Shall we wonder then, that the visions he sought, continually eluded

his grasp? This by degrees, however, soured his disposition; and, as the space between the opposite extremes is seldom great, the once sanguine N. sat down in sullenness and despair. His love of Caroline was indeed the last anchor which the storm carried away. But as he had not taken the ground of infidelity from a clear and conscientious conviction that it was the best, but had hewn it out as a place of refuge from irresolution and indifference;—the subject of religion became intolerable to him. Whenever, therefore, her mild language or bright example pressed it upon him, he felt it as a wound, and began to dislike the hand which gave it. It was with himself that he was angry, but he soon vented his spleen upon her. One act of unkindness ever produces another, for 'men always 'hate those they have injured.' At the end of six years therefore, when the last sentiment which had lent any grace or polish to the colossal features of his cha-

racter was worn away, he stood like some shapeless relic from the hand of a great master—which we admire only for what it has been.

"At the same time there were many intervals during this period, in which he seemed to start back into himself. I shall mention one. Their only child was our own Emily. As N. had now taken a decided part in his hostilities to religion, Caroline trembled at the influence he might have with her, when her advanced years should throw her more into his society. During the first part of her life, she herself naturally enjoyed the almost exclusive management of her; and, throughout this period, she watched with all the eagerness of a mother's eye, every avenue by which corruption could enter. She even felt it her duty, painful as was the task to her, to guard her child against the sentiments of its father;—she did more, for

she taught her to lift her little hands in supplication to God for mercy upon him.

"It was to a scene of this kind, that N. was accidentally a witness. She had been teaching Emily in what sense God is the *Shepherd* of his people. The door was not closed, and, as he stood there, he saw Madame de N. in the attitude of prayer—her eyes lifted upwards, but dim with anguish. Emily knelt beside her, touched by her mother's sufferings, and in childish accents repeating her petition, 'O thou great Shepherd, bring 'back thy lost sheep to the fold.' There was something in the scene which spoke to a heart strung like that of N. He felt it, I believe, deeply.

"It was the same evening that he stood for some time musing upon a painting by a celebrated master of the Roman school; in which, whilst a holy family are taking their flight to Heaven, one despairing wretch among them is struck to the ground by its thunders.

He seemed greatly agitated—beckoned Caroline in a hurried manner—laid his finger upon the figure, and rushed out of the room.

"Such lucid intervals (if I may so call them) were however transient, and every day more rare. About the middle of the tenth year of their marriage, the apathy of which I spoke had so completely fixed itself upon him, that it would have almost been as easy to have roused his statue as himself, to any interest in the common circumstances of life.

"There is but one employment (I dare not call it amusement) to which such a state of mind eminently disposes men. It is said, that the ancient Goths, during the time of peace, would doze away whole years in the most senseless sloth, unless called from it to *gamble*. It was then that their eyes again lighted up with savage fires, and their bosoms swelled with wonted fury. Thus engaged, they

would sit till one or the other party had lost his property, his children, his arms, and even his person; as though they refused to live, except when they could butcher their enemies or ruin themselves. It is a ferocious picture of man; but, alas! it is the portrait of N. The first time he took the box in his hand, he seemed to cast the die of his own fate. Having once burst asunder the bands of his lethargy, he seated himself at these tables of ruin, and scarcely ever quitted them. He appeared to take a gloomy delight in the convulsions of mind, which were wrought by the vicissitudes of his new employment; and, so that he could feel, he seemed to care little for the nature of his sensations. The grief of Caroline naturally kept pace with the frenzy of her husband. It was not, however, for herself she grieved, but for him. From the history of other gamesters, and from her intimacy with the mind of N. she borrowed a kind of

prophetic light by which she was enabled to look through the shades of his future destiny. She saw that it was impossible for such a man to be a gamester, and not to be undone.

"It was one evening when N. had gone from home under singular agitation of mind, that she requested I would follow him to a gaming-house which he was known to frequent. This place was celebrated for the pillage of all who were not initiated in the crooked and mysterious arts of those in whose hands it was. As the police of Paris was at that time the most vigorous in the world, the owners of this institution contrived so to fortify the approach to it, that, in cases of alarm, they might remove all the instruments of their trade before the officers entered. By secret means, however, I obtained an entrance; and I opened the door as I should that of the regions appropriated to the wicked. When I entered, every one appeared to be

full of his employment. As my business was rather to see than to be seen, I took my station in a place fitted to my purpose. The scene which presented itself had for me a kind of terrific interest which I cannot explain to you. When I contemplated the faces around me, I seemed to be introduced to a new set of passions; or to combinations of them more terrible than those which usually present themselves. I fancied in almost every man a Cethegus or a Catiline —a conspirator against the happiness of mankind. Enthusiast as I am in liberty, I could have almost rejoiced, when all the malignant humours of the body politic seemed thus drawn to a point, to have seen the hand of authority forcibly cut them away. To this hour, many of the figures of this society haunt me. I saw hands which charity never lifted, lips that never prayed, knees that never bent, countenances where, if I may so express it, 'God

'had forgotten to be gracious.' The only ray of comfort which broke through the awful gloom was that which showed me that each one in this assembly appeared to be let loose against another as ferocious as himself. But even that vanished when I turned my eyes upon N.—Wan and emaciated, his forehead ridged with a thousand storms, his eye fixed and glaring, his manner sullen and desperate; he recalled to my mind the first murderer, when driven out as a fugitive from God. His 'punishment' was even now 'greater than he could bear.' —But let us hasten, my Gustavus, from this unholy ground. I found an opportunity, during the night, of painting to him in strong colours the terrors of his situation; but his answer indicated, that he had looked his ruin too often in the face, to be restored to virtue by any picture I could bring before him. I spoke to him of Caroline; but he had, in his new business, acquired a horrid familia-

rity with the sufferings of others. I would have spoken of God—but he stopped me, by exclaiming in his vehement manner, 'Chance is the only God 'of a gamester.' In fact, I might have remembered, that the gambling-room is the temple of the Atheist. It is an employment in which there is a constant appeal to some power *without* ourselves —that power which presents one side of the die, and hides another. Men call this 'chance'—and are they not Atheists?

"But let me finish this melancholy story. N. after his last speech, abruptly left me, resumed his occupation, and seemed to pursue it with even a more entire devotion of mind than before. When I reflected that every step he took in his present employment brought him so much nearer to his ruin, I almost ceased to wonder that some philosophers should have called in the doctrine of fatalism to explain the fatuity of human conduct. They reasonably doubted

whether man could become so emphatically his own enemy, and therefore conceived a sort of iron hand which lashed him on to destruction. There was also something of that expression in the face of N. which might have been expected in the victim of such a destiny. The alternations of loss and gain seemed no longer to affect him; he received the last as a loan which he was immediately to restore, and the first as his settled and natural inheritance.

"I sat watching him for some time; but, as I knew, there was nothing his high spirit could less endure than to see a spy placed upon his movements, I quitted the room, and returned to Madame de N.

"Her frame of body was such, that it was likely to give way before evils under which the mind might have stood. It was indeed one of those nervous systems which appear to feel and to bleed at every point in which misfortune touches

them. Knowing this, I had long feared the effect of her sorrows upon her; and therefore had always thought myself justified in showing them to her in the least formidable aspect which they wore.

"Unfortunately I pursued the same line of conduct in recording the events of this evening. Had I done otherwise, I should have better prepared her for that spectacle of horror, to which she was now to be brought at once and without preparation. I was soon obliged to leave her.

"Some hours after midnight N. returned to his house. As usual, he hurried to his apartment, and barred his door against that bosom on which he might profitably have rested all his cares. Caroline heard his door close, and, although she felt the cruelty and the desperation of that sorrow which refuses to communicate itself, she little thought that he had now shut himself from her and from the world for ever.

"After I quitted him, the good for-

tune or the knavery of his associates had put the last stroke to his undoing; and the lofty N. was now a beggar. Pride sometimes supports men under an honourable poverty, but no one is proud of the desolation which his own hand has made. N. felt all the agonies of a wounded spirit, when he saw in himself the executioner, as it were, of his own dignity and happiness. In the solitude of his chamber he was able to measure his calamities on every side. It was here, that, with every thing except God shut out, he found the eye of God too strong for him; and resolved, in order to escape the certain evils of his present state, to rush upon what (according to *his* creed) were the tremendous uncertainties of another. He determined upon making the awful experiment whether there was any hell worse than the bosom of a gamester. In little more than an hour the watchful Caroline heard the report of a pistol in his room. Wild with

fear, she rushed to his door. It gave way, and she reached him just soon enough to mark those last struggles and convulsions with which the soul tears itself from the body. In the fixed contemplation of this awful spectacle she lost her reason. When I was sent for, I found indeed, that they had forcibly separated her from the corpse: but that the bleeding image seemed to haunt her every where. She did not, for a long time, notice me; and at last threw on me only that vacant gaze which indicates that the imagination and the memory are too busy to let the senses do their duty. By degrees, however, the violence of her disorder subsided, but her complete recovery was for a long time doubtful. Madness often delights in some particular position or action; and the disordered mind will mischievously act over again those scenes in which its frenzy originated. I have watched her sit for hours, with her hand projected before her face, in the attitude

of intense expectation. In this situation, if she heard the slightest noise, she would shriek aloud, 'A pistol!'—and rush towards the sound. Even now, if she sees the mountain sportsman, with his gun, pursuing the wild chamois amidst the rocks of St. Foy, she will hasten to her room—as if afraid to trust the slight thread by which reason is held. God however preserves that reason to her, and she will use it, Gustavus, to give Emily to none but a Christian."

## CHAP. IV.

It was on the morning of Sunday that Gustavus first opened his eyes in O. He had some difficulty in convincing himself that the elements were not convulsed. The darkness of a great city to him, who had never quitted Switzerland, was almost supernatural, and the sound of coaches seemed like subterraneous thunder. The footsteps around him were loud and incessant. "These people seem, at all events, to *have bodies*," he said.

It was some consolation to him to hear the note of a distant bell, which hailed the dawning of the Sabbath. It is far less certain whether sounds move in lines or circles, than that those who would know the way to the heart, would do well to follow them. Gustavus was transported in a moment to St. Foy, and,

in a moment, forgot O. its noises and its bells, in her rocks, in that small and single bell to which they echoed, and in her whom his memory ever summoned when he thought of any thing he loved. He saw her with her circle of little mountaineers around her, teaching them how praise might be perfected even from lips such as theirs. It was a moment favourable to the sex;—"they *have* souls," said he, "though Mahomet might not know it."

In the course of the morning their inclinations and habits forced them into a church. M. said, as he entered it, "How melancholy were those times, when the inhabitant of any country could not quit it without seeing temples raised to other gods than his own! The Christian pilgrim now finds the altar of his God through whatever civilized land he bends his steps; and his religion has thus, in the best sense, made him a citizen of the world."

The prayers, though indifferently read, soon attracted the attention of Gustavus, and he could scarcely wait for a pause in the service to express his admiration of them. "Are these the prayers," he said, "of a people *without souls?*"

"When I told you," answered M. "what these people are, I did not tell you what they have been. They are the relics of a great and good people. These prayers are not the production of the day, but the prayers of their ancestors—of men who had souls, and who felt and acted as though they had. Would that this nation had known religion to be the best legacy, and with the soil had inherited all the virtues of their ancestors!"

As M. had taken pains to select from the mass of the clergy one more especially suited to his purpose, Gustavus had almost immediate occasion to remark that the two divisions of the service did not strictly harmonize. A shadowy

form at length took possession of the pulpit. He preached languidly for eleven minutes, prayed more languidly for two, and then dismissed his audience with a cold eye and a whispered benediction.

"The sermons of St. Foy," said Gustavus, "are longer."

"Eleven minutes," answered M. "would ill satisfy ears greedy of intelligence from Heaven. Such sermons are a kind of spiritual apparition: airy, unsubstantial, appearing for a moment, and then dying away.—Such evanescent divinity would not be endured at St. Foy —but then its inhabitants have souls; the preacher of to-day knows his audience have none. But," continued he, as they paced the street, "the sermon is worthy of examination, in order to ascertain the point for which we travel. We must, however, lower our tones in conversing on this subject; for these people have the same superstitious foible

with some of the most renowned Greeks —that of conceiving all grave discourse to be ominous. The Athenians banished even the word '*sleep*' from polite society, because they conceived sleep to be an image of '*death*.'"

"But the Greeks had souls," said Gustavus.

"They thought they had none, and the reality and the supposition render men equally absurd. But to return," continued M.; "if either the preacher or his audience *had souls*, these consequences would follow. The soul is more important than the body—he would therefore speak more of it. The soul may perish—he would have shown its danger. The soul may be saved—he would have adverted to the Saviour of it.—What can you say of such a people, Gustavus?"

"I must say, I fear," replied Gustavus, "what the Spaniard said—they have no souls."

As, in the course of conversation, they had returned to the door of the church they had quitted, accident threw the preacher in their way. G. expressed a strong desire to converse with the first of this race whom he had seen in canonicals; and M. was equally desirous of gratifying it. They accordingly joined him, and soon found, that, as far as an acquaintance with a certain number of texts, and with the exact manner in which the world never fails to apply them, could prepare him for the defence of his opinions—he was prepared.

After various observations of the preacher, M. said, "The principal object, then, of your discourses, is to restrain the ardour of religion, which, you say, is the besetting sin of your city?"

"Undoubtedly, Sir. And are we not cautioned in the book you so loudly praise, against being '*righteous overmuch?*'" M. whispered, "This is the madness of a physician, who, with a pa-

tient chilled by an ague, should use all the medicines which are prescribed for a fever." He turned to the disputant. "I had been taught," said he, "to think that this expression inculcated the shunning an ostentatious display of piety, and the sacrifice of all idle ceremonies of religion, to our real social duties. I will allow, however, that an interpretation which requires of every man only that precise quantity of piety which is most agreeeble to him, is far more convenient."

"Why, yes, Sir; and such is the spirit of religion: for is it not said that '*charity covereth a multitude of sins?*'"

"You mean," said M. "that our laxity to others ensures the mercy of God to ourselves. But give me leave to hint, that this interpretation also, may have some objections. What, for instance, is meant by charity?"

"*Almsgiving*" — said the preacher.

"*We* employ it almost exclusively in that sense."

"In the *plural* pronoun you have used, Sir, you do not, I presume, include the apostles and fathers of the church. St. Paul, on the contrary, says, 'If I give 'all my goods to feed the poor, and have '*not charity*, it profiteth me nothing.' *He* took the portrait of Charity warm from a divine original, and therefore made philanthropy one of her features; but at the same time his canvass glows with many others. He does not chain her to this world; but displays her touching Heaven while she stands upon Earth, and bowing down to practise among men that good will she has learned above. Study his portrait, and you will say, that 'Charity is love to man, 'founded upon love to God.' The Apostle never imagined that we could compromise for our neglect of the Maker, by acts of mercy to the thing made; or conceived, as Catholics have paraphrased

the doctrine you deliver, that when 'the 'money jingled in the chest, the soul 'ascends to heaven.' Charity, Sir, as it seems to me, knows nothing of 'cover-'ing' or mitigating the offences of man in the view of his God, though, to her own sight, she ever softens the complexion of another's crime, by the deep colouring with which she imbues her own."

The heart of Gustavus burned within him as he heard him speak. The harangue, however, had scarcely reached the preacher; for he and the "deaf adder" had a property in common, which rendered the head and heart equally impregnable. Some tones, indeed, he caught, which differed from the honeyed accents with which some of the fairer members of his congregation were accustomed to address him. At length he said, "If, Sir, it be true, as you seem to suspect, that I take out of the scale of Piety, it must, however, be remarked,

that I load that of Morals. And to this kind of holy barter the present state of the nation forces us. We have, Sir, among us, men who preach the damnable heresy of ' faith *without* works.'"

"There is no heresy more atrocious," said M. "if you mean the doctrine that good works are unnecessary to a true Christian; and your accusation is probably just as far as respects a very few. It is possible also, that still more, either through carelessness, or through eagerness upon merely doctrinal points, have used a more doubtful language on this important subject than became them.—But, as to many against whom the charge is brought, I would ask, how is this fact ascertained? Have you read their works, or heard their sermons?"

"No; nor would this, perhaps, have convinced me; for, by some ingenious contrivance, I understand that they manage to treat at large, and to enforce, every moral virtue."

"Their lives then are, perhaps, worse than those of others?"

"On the contrary, they might be Stoics for their austerity."

"This is marvellous," said M. "because habitual good conduct can flow only from good principles. To say of any one—'he believes that which *must* make 'him a good man'—is at once to define a Christian. Beware therefore how, when you thus see the pulse of morals beat, you declare religion to be dead in the heart, or how you suspect him that denies himself, to have denied his God. —No, Sir—if these men live as you say, I am led to think they cannot preach the doctrine you impute to them. It is next to impossible that men should preach less rigidly than they act, or, in other words, give others more liberty than they take themselves."

"But if their lives appear to justify them, you will at least allow some weight to the number of their accusers?"

"Are they more numerous than those who raised a similar accusation against the great father of the Reformation? The Church of Rome loudly proclaimed Luther an *Antinomian*; so that the crime of preaching the detestable doctrine of 'faith without works' was charged upon one, who was a saint in life as well as principle, by men whose doctrine was not more licentious than their practice. The clamour of which you speak may often originate in the same causes—in misconception—or in jealousy. But," continued M. "as you 'load the scale of 'Morals,' you doubtless insist upon all the strictness of the men you describe?"

"By no means, good Sir. Have you never read, '*My yoke is easy?*'"

"The cords of the scale," whispered Gustavus, "are in no danger."

"But surely, Sir," said M. "the words you quoted may be referred to the deliverance from the irksome ceremonies of Judaism, and the freedom from guilt

which Christ purchased for his genuine disciples by the sacrifice of himself."

"Downright Puritanism," said the preacher: "as we can have no real liberty till every man does as he pleases; so religion must give us the same privileges, or an 'easy yoke' has no meaning."

"Surely," said G. "this doctrine is true Antinomianism;—this really is to preach the doctrine of 'faith *without* 'works.'"

"If not," said M. "it is to preach something worse. But tell me, Sir," he proceeded, "if faith is not to be felt, and works are not to be practised, how, in the name of common sense, are we to be saved?"

Instead of replying to this question, this self-constituted guardian of religion, feeling a somewhat unusual burden, like Atlas, in similar circumstances, resolved to get rid of it by thrusting it upon the shoulders of another. Putting, therefore, a card into M.'s hand, "Honour

me, Sir," he said, " with a visit, and I will introduce you to a man who has, more than I have, made these matters his study." With three strides the body vanished.

" Are there then ministers," said Gustavus, " who have not made these matters their study?"

" Yes," said M. " in a nation who *have no souls.*"

## CHAP. V.

They had given no express orders about the time of dinner, but had confided their fates to the keeping of Custom, the only goddess of fashionable society.

Gustavus was astonished, that, at a period three hours after that assigned at St. Foy for this great purpose of our being, he could discover no herald even of its approach. As he had risen at his usual hour, and had forgotten the fact which M. had mentioned, that this new world did not quit their feathered graves till five hours later, he could not conceal his astonishment at this delay.

"This people *without souls*," said he, "appear, however, to have unusual powers of body."

"If that were true," said M. "it would not be singular: for camels live

without water for many days; wolves fast for a week."

They had finished their meal, when a servant entered the room, and said, "I have discovered a place of the kind you mentioned."

"It is well," said M.; "we shall be ready at the time."—He quitted the room. —"I intend conducting you this even ing, Gustavus, to a scene which you might expect to wound your feelings— to a mad-house."

"I am confident that you will not take me where I ought not to go."

"You have heard me condemn those who hunt even in the straw of the maniac, the food of an impertinent curiosity — who darken the little crevice through which alone light ever enters his dungeon, by robbing him of his only consolation, that of being unseen. But such is not my intention. It is a property of the madness which I desire to show you, that it is careless of spec-

tators; nay, that it even desires them, because it hopes, that, by gazing, others may contract the same disease."

"Such malice is singular."

"You will see that, in fact, they have no malice, but that they only desire for you what constitutes their happiness."

"Charity could do no more—but what is *madness?*"

"Rather than define it, I will distinguish it from idiotism, with which also some acquaintance may hereafter be useful to us. An idiot thinks or acts *unreasonably upon a reasonable* idea: and, *vice versâ*, a madman thinks or acts *reasonably upon an unreasonable* idea *. An idiot, for instance, supposes himself, as he is, a man; but acts like any other animal. A madman, on the contrary, supposes himself, which he is not, an emperor; but then he acts like an emperor."

* Vide Locke's Essay on Human Understanding.

"In what then are those mad whom we are to see this evening?"

"In this, that they suppose (which, as men of O. is impossible) that *they have souls*, and then, according to the above definition of madness, act *as though they had souls*. An inhabitant of O. who, thinking he had a soul, should act as though he had none, would, you see, according to this rule, be neither pure madman, nor pure idiot, but would, in his own miserable person, comprehend the qualities of both."

"Have these people any particular name?" asked Gustavus.

"The most common," replied M. "is that of Enthusiasts."

"What is the meaning of Enthusiasm?"

"Its proper meaning is an excessive devotion of the mind to any particular employment or opinion. This afflicted people (as naturally their range of ideas

is small) have chained it to religion alone."

"But surely I have seen the word in some works applied as a term of commendation?"

"You have.—According to the nomenclature of the *world without souls*, enthusiasm in science is genius; in vice, it is spirit; in religion, it is madness."

## CHAP. VI.

They quitted their hotel at the appointed hour. G. walked the streets with eyes dazzled by the flitting by of the birds of dissipation, that were now in flocks upon the wing. The carriages were innumerable. "These people of course," said he, "keep no *commandments*, or the needless employment of 'cattle' upon this day would be impossible."

"You do them injustice. They keep this branch of the commandments with some limitation; every thing is allowed a kind of repose but cooks and horses, chairmen and mantua-makers, tailors, publicans, and prime ministers. The wants of *bodies* are numberless and voracious when they have no soul to silence their clamours; like Esau, they will al-

most barter heaven for a mess of pottage."

"But have they no veneration for the sabbath?"

"Yes, out of respect to it they even change the nature of their amusements. The females select a church where all genteel Christians resort, where the music is good, and the preacher sentimental. The males, for the most part, either travel or write letters."

"Did you not tell me," said Gustavus, "that the park you showed me was in much request on Sundays?"

"Yes," said M.—"there the females 'font une promenade à voiture.' The males select an adjoining row, and 'font 'une promenade à cheval."

"So that," said Gustavus, "women, who yet would probably challenge to themselves the title of amiable, do their utmost, by forcing horses and servants upon unnecessary employments, to de-

fraud two beasts of their lawful rest, and shut out two souls from heaven."

"True," said M. "At the hour of dinner," he continued, "by a social license, not indeed strictly *Protestant*, the Sunday seems to finish, and they assemble in large conventions to discuss and to supply the wants of *body*."

"But did you not say that the places of public amusement are shut?"

"I did; but this depends not upon individuals, but upon the legislature; and you will have endless occasion to remark, that in no country is fashion so thoroughly at war with law."

"But how do you know that it is the laws alone, and not the purity of the people, which thus lock the doors of public places?"

"Because, famished in public, they increase the private meal; the rout and the concert, for one night, do the duty of the playhouse and the opera, and patrole the town for the security of the ge-

neral dissipation. But here observe the cunning peculiar to this species: these meetings, as though names could consecrate things, are often sanctified with the title of 'Concerts of sacred Music.'"

"And are what?"

"Concerts of music composed by persons who had little religion, and sung often by those who have less: frequently without words; and if the words be good, they lose their character by the foreign lisp with which they are tortured. Even this would not go down, if now and then an Italian sonnet did not break the dulness of the word of God. With this leaven the lump is palatable."

"I am confounded."

"You can conceive in the mean time, how, in the glare of this Italian sun, the modest plant of devotion must flourish; how much this festive harmony resembles those sighs over which the angels in heaven are said to rejoice; and how correct an image this assembly furnishes of

that which, formed of the spirits of the just made perfect, shall to harps of gold shout the glories of a crucified Redeemer."

" They have *souls*," said Gustavus, " who shall be thus employed. But do these people offer no vindication for themselves?"

" Yes; and because some of them, as we have seen, dabble in Holy Writ, they pretend to find their vindication there. It rests upon two phrases: '*Old things* '*have passed away*:'—'What was binding 'upon the Jews, is not upon us.' As though Heaven had not destroyed merely the *ceremonial* law, but the *moral* also, and were able to make that false to-day which was true yesterday. Truth, it should be remembered, is immutable; and the morals of this moment will be the morals of eternity. If this argument fail, they have a scriptural 'corps de 'reserve:' '*the sabbath was made for man*, '*and not man for the sabbath.*' As if, be-

cause the Christian sabbath gave a man liberty to be useful, it also allowed him to be vicious or idle."

"There is a reading of this passage," said G. "which Monboddo's system would justify, and which would at once set this people at ease—'The sabbath was 'made for *monkies*.'"

## CHAP. VII.

They now approached the place of their destination, and Gustavus found it with all the exterior of a church. And such, in fact, it was; for M. had feared the effect of showing Gustavus, even in O. only those preachers or places of worship where the offices of religion were negligently discharged. He who sees religion only in bad company, will be tempted to degrade it to the rank of its associates. And he was well persuaded that the church of O. supplied many clergy who would dignify and adorn the principles they profess. It was his object, therefore, on the present occasion, to introduce him to a minister of this character. But the plan he had originally proposed to himself obliged him to veil his design under

the pretended scheme of visiting a madhouse.

"You are to keep in memory, then," said he, as they ascended the steps, "that the madman may be perfectly consistent with himself—may be like the perfect actor of an assumed character. If the mind once admit the delusion that he is what he appears to be, he may do nothing to undeceive it. Only assume, therefore, that the preacher and people we are about to see have souls, and you will perhaps discover nothing in them unsuited to their circumstances."

The preacher opened the service by devoutly reading the noble Liturgy, to which Gustavus had before listened with so much satisfaction. It had several properties remarkably calculated to attract the young—its eloquence, its benevolence, and its cheerfulness. It was precisely the language of children reverently and affectionately addressing a father. Gustavus heard it with deep

attention; but was almost breathless with impatience when the preacher, who had so strongly interested him in merely offering up the words of others, ascended the pulpit to speak to the people in his own. His countenance was very striking. Time had, as it were, gently laid his hand upon him; so that the wrinkles on his brow appeared to be simply those of age; —of age, that is, almost unmixed with those of sorrow or care. They were like the furrows of the winter field—the meek and honourable ornaments of a head silvered with the frost of seventy years. His eye might be said to bear a sort of testimony to the truth of the revelation on which it rested, indicating, by its still vivid glance, how independent the soul is of the body.—There was something in the general scene which reminded Gustavus of the scriptural picture of the dying patriarch blessing his children.

The words from which he preached were these: "Finally, my brethren, farewell;

be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind; live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you." And it soon appeared that this veteran soldier of the cross, feeling the infirmities of age, had determined to retire from the public post he occupied, and that he was now addressing his people for the last time. Such circumstances were evidently very favourable to the developement of his sentiments and feelings. I do not attempt, however, to give more than a very brief sketch of either in this history.

He began by telling them that the words which he had read contained a wish for the welfare of the people to whom they were addressed—some advice to assist them in securing this welfare—and a promise to those who should follow that advice. After which he thus proceeded:

"The 'wish for their welfare' is expressed in that single word '*farewell*;

'may you prosper, may the blessing of 'God rest upon you!' And need I say, my friends, how exactly that word expresses my present feelings? The husbandman desires that the grain he has sown should spring up and ripen; the builder, that the house should rise, of which he has laid the foundation; the father, that the child of his bosom should grow up to manhood. You, then, are the seed which I have sown—you are the temple which these feeble hands have been endeavouring to rear—you are the children of this aged bosom. Therefore, I say, 'farewell;' may you prosper; may every cloud of heaven break in blessings over your head; may the hand of mercy never be closed; may the star which God has so long lighted up in your path, neither go down, nor hide its holy beam, till it has led you to the feet of your Saviour—there to bend the knee and offer the tribute of a thankful heart."

Gustavus observed, that even this simple wish found its way to the hearts of the old man's hearers; and that they answered him by their tears. He thus went on:

"The Apostle, however, loved the people to whom he wrote too well to be satisfied with bequeathing them merely a general wish for their welfare. He proceeds, in the next place, to tell them what was necessary to secure it. And, to this end, he first bids them strive to '*be perfect*;' that is, to complete or 'perfect' the work of religion which they had, by the aid of God, begun. And thus would I say to you. The father could not be satisfied to see his child stand rooted in the feebleness and sickliness of perpetual infancy. And it would, indeed, bring my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave, if I could believe that these my children were likely thus to disappoint my hopes, and prayers, and labours. No, my friends; '*be perfect*:'

you have, as I trust, laid the foundation of your hopes in the great principles of religion—in a deep conviction of your own guilt—of the necessity of a Redeemer to atone for that guilt—and of the Spirit of God to raise our nature from its ruined state: you regard the world as the valley seen in the vision of the Prophet—scattered and defiled with bones, the emblems of devastation and death: and day and night you call upon God to breathe over this scene of ruin, and bid 'these dead bones live.' Go on, then, I would beseech you, to erect upon the basis of sound principles the superstructure of a heavenly temper and practice: 'perfect' what is thus begun: fill up the outline of the Christian character. Add to religion, morality—to the love of Christ, the love of man—to all that honours God, all that sweetens life, that lights the aching eye, and cheers the broken heart. You will find many who are ignorant or wretched, lying prostrate

in your path; O take care that you 'pass 'not by on the other side.' Nor excuse your negligence of some duties by your regard to others. There is a crown which all the servants of Christ shall, at the last day, cast at the foot of his throne: endeavour that in yours no single gem shall be wanting, that all shall be there which adorned the brow of Christ himself.

"St. Paul next bids them '*be of good* '*comfort.*' There are persons who, I know, will tell you that religion is but another name for melancholy. The Apostle, however, describes it as a source of 'com-'fort.' And the address which was the usual herald of our Lord's approach, was, 'Peace be with you.' And O, my friends, take it, if not upon far higher authority, yet upon the authority of one whom you have so kindly trusted for fifty years—of one who, at least, never meant to deceive you, of one who, standing on the verge of heaven or hell, is

not likely either to deceive or to be deceived, that a life of religion is a life of peace and joy. If I have not been quite happy, it is because I have been far from good. But even I,—thank God, who has rescued me from some of the vices of the profligate and the worldly—have felt how happy those must be whose own hand does not dash away the cup which the mercy of God presents them. Even I, at the base of the mountain, have caught a ray of that beam of joy which sheds perpetual sunshine on its top. The good man melancholy! What, can *he* be melancholy whose happiness is bound up with that of God himself; who, when he lays his head on his pillow, feels that if he dies in his bed he shall rise to glory; who 'knows that his Redeemer liveth,' and that he shall 'lead him by living 'fountains of water, and wipe away all 'tears from his eyes?' Can he be melancholy, who, when the 'sun shall be red 'as blood, the stars fall from heaven, and

'the stoutest hearts fail for fear,' has the command of God to lift up his head with joy, because his redemption draweth nigh—who sees by the eye of faith, in the air, in the seas, amidst the tumult of war or the fires of persecution, the sign of the Son of man—the cross of Christ—the throne of his Master's triumphs and his own—who hears, as he bears on his neck the iron yoke of self-denial and humility, a voice which says, 'To-day 'shalt thou be with me in Paradise?'

"After this the Apostle proceeds to point out a chief source of the 'comfort' of which he has spoken—'*be of one mind.*' And I feel it right to say, that no virtue is more neglected, no pearl more trodden under foot, than the spirit here recommended. It seems too generally to be taken for granted, that men *must* of necessity widely differ.—But why? Has truth a multitude of faces, amongst which every man is at liberty to choose which he will? Have we not

the same God—the same Gospel—the same nature—the same Spirit to teach, and the same Saviour to die for us?—Can the 'God' who 'is love' delight in discord? Is not the general feature of nature harmony? and shall man, the lord of nature, be destitute of it? Shall all the harps of heaven be, as it were, moved by one breath, touched by one hand, and employed in one song—and shall no echo of the heavenly chorus be heard below?—'*Be of one mind*,' my friends. Desire union, even though you cannot obtain it. Supply your link to the golden chain, though others refuse theirs.—I know that union cannot be forced—that you cannot compel each man to bring his stone to erect the temple of concord and charity. But endeavour to lay the basis in humility and prayer—in *humility*, which may correct your own judgment; and in *prayer*, which may secure the direction of God;—and, without the sound of the hammer or saw, the

edifice shall arise never to fall, because on its walls are inscribed that 'charity' that 'never faileth.'—One mind shall animate all its worshippers; and that, like the mind of God himself, be one vast impulse to do good.

"The last advice of the Apostle is, to '*live in peace.*' There may be those from whom, notwithstanding every effort, you must differ, because they differ from God. But, even with such 'you may live in peace.' They are indeed prodigal children, but still they are the children of God. And it is not for you to shut up your heart from those who are welcome to the arms of our common Father.

"Having thus taught them as he himself was taught of Heaven, St. Paul goes on, by the high authority with which he was invested, to promise the blessing of God to those who received his lessons—'live in peace,' he says, '*and* '*the God of love and peace shall be with*

'*you.*' How sublime is the title here given to God—'the God of love and 'peace!' All love and peace then descend from heaven. Discord is our work—harmony is His: ours are the earthquake, and the wind that rends the mountains—His is the small still voice. And this God, he says, shall '*be with* '*you*'—*with you,* not as he frowned from behind the cloud of vengeance on the impious hosts of Egypt—not as he spake amidst the thunders of Mount Sinai—but as with mitigated splendour he descended in the temple of his chosen land, to fill the mercy-seat, and proclaim the promises of Heaven.—My brethren, I know of no circumstances on which this assurance of the presence of God does not shed a ray of hope and joy. This star the missionary sees, as he roams over the ocean, or climbs the dark mountain of idolatry—this shines on the cell, and dries up the tear of the true penitent —this cheers the eye of the saint, even

in that awful hour when the light of day is ceasing to visit his eyes for ever. And if I may venture to apply the subject to ourselves, this may well comfort us under our present circumstances. The feeble voice which has hitherto so imperfectly taught you, shall soon be silent in the dust. But what if it is? I hear a voice from heaven, saying, '*I am with* '*you* to the end'—'I will never leave you 'nor forsake you.'"

Something more the old man said—but too indistinctly to be heard. He shed also a few tears—the last probably he ever shed. His congregation felt all their value; and I doubt not they are preserved by Him who counts and treasures up the tears of the good.

Gustavus was much affected by the scene, and instantly asked of M. whether, "amongst a people who *had souls*, such characters as this preacher and his followers might not be expected to abound?"

"They might," said M.; "for they would know they had souls, which the madman of O. only supposes."

"What, therefore, is madness in them, would be religion in me, who have a soul?"

"Assuredly."

## CHAP. VIII.

"You will allow," said M., edging away from some conversation which had employed them after breakfast, "that we form most of our opinions of others from what we know of ourselves."

"I believe so."

"You will admit, for instance, that scarcely any argument would convince an African, who had done nothing but pant and scorch among his ebony compatriots under the suns of the line, that there was a man as fair as you are."

"That is true."

"To carry this farther—If a person were to meet you, and to say, 'Be assured, Sir, your pulse is at a hundred and twenty—your skin is parched—your tongue bleached—your drought is insatiable—and not only yours, but

'such is the state of many—such is that 'of the nation—be blooded all, or you 'perish'—what should you conclude?"

"That he had a fever himself, and therefore gave me credit for being in the same condition."

"If then I could show you some of the men of O. affirming publicly that other men have no souls who assuredly have—arguing about them, and treating them as though they had none, what would be your conclusion?"

"That what our Spaniard imputes to the Americans was true of these men of O."

It was about two when M., in consequence of this conversation, carried his young companion to the house where the representative senate of O. is assembled.

"A senate of this kind," said M. as they walked, "is an assemblage of a few men who are supposed to represent the interests of the community."

"Apparently then," said Gustavus, "like the x and y of Algebra, not always great in themselves, but sometimes respectable from their unknown signification."

"These of course," continued M. "among a people endowed with souls, will be carefully selected. In O. man is but a body; and therefore as Frederick, falsely called the Great, said of war—'La guerre est dans les *ventres* des 'soldats'—Members sometimes grope their way to the hearts through the appetites of their constituents—Merit, accordingly, often means strong beer in the nomenclature of O."

It was some time before our travellers could contrive (for the crowd) to squeeze each an ear within a door, which displayed to their strained eyes the senate of O. "Considering they are nothing but bodies themselves," said G. "they might have a little more respect for ours."

"You will find," answered M. "hereafter, that they have none for their own."

The debate had begun, and a speaker was at that moment upon his legs. M. had purposely concealed the subject of discussion from Gustavus, as he was unwilling that any part of the impression it was calculated to communicate should be wasted. G.'s first employment, therefore, was to discover the object of the speaker. Amongst the earliest words which caught his ears were these: "What grounds of complaint are there, when twenty inches are allowed for the stowage of each?"—"This must mean bales of goods," said G. The crowd was so great, and indignation or applause rendered the assembly so clamorous, that an interval elapsed before another sentence reached him.

At length said the orator, "They are driven to a fair market, and sell according to the condition in which they are."—"They must be live stock," thought

our hero. Again he listened: "The colour of their skin, the flatness of the forehead, the smallness of the under jaw, their malignity, and their dulness, create considerable doubts as to the species in which they should be classed."

"They are *monsters*," said G.

There was another moment in which nothing found its way to our auditors. Truth, however, has lungs of iron, and the concluding sentence of the harangue echoed along the remotest walls. "The days of chivalry—let us be thankful—are gone, and those of sound wisdom have succeeded. Expediency has asserted her rights, and taught us, that what is profitable alone is right. Let not then a canting philanthropy go Quixoting for adventures upon the fields of Humanity. If you tell us that cruelties are exercised upon the parents, we give this sufficient answer—*buying is cheaper* than *breeding*."

"It is no monster," thought G. "of

*our* hemisphere, for men would not dare to justify such treatment of them by such reasoning. Tell me," said he, breathless with impatience, " is this man (from his technical language) a butcher, or a representative of butchers?"

" They are excluded," answered M. " from the juries of O.—Would they, think you, be admitted into her senate?"

" Who is he then?"

" A friend, or a representative, of *slave-dealers*."

" Of what monster does he speak?"

" Of men—of men who by birth are Africans, and whom frequently the most complicated villainy makes slaves."

" Let me escape," said G.; " I am your convert."

" But stay," said M.; " this trafficker in blood will surely find an opponent." One was found upon an opposite seat. His eye testified that he had taken within him the sacred resolution of not abandoning the cause till the arm should

wither which had so often attested its truth. It said, and it had borrowed the expressions at the lips of Him whose vicegerent in this cause he is, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

"I ever meet you," he said, "upon occasions such as these with the most touching sorrow; for I blush that these walls should echo to such a contest as this. But my indignation gets the better of my grief. If I were to be silent, the stones would cry out.

"This night's discussion calls me and my friends to a combat, where, I cannot but think, we have been continually victors. We wished originally to have contended with you upon the vantage-ground of *religion*, which forbids man to enslave the creatures whom God has made free. You taught us that religion was to be interpreted by the maxims of worldly policy.—We next took the field of *justice*, and dared you to show by what rights you punished those who

had never offended. You convinced us, that the justice of a trading community is too often as remote from benevolence as it is from dishonesty—that it is measured by convenience, and guarded by the hangman. We might have touched the string of *humanity*, and have called up the spirits of a million mangled wretches to swell the tone of our complaint;—but we felt that those feelings which resisted the plain statement of our facts, would not bleed if men should have arisen from the dead to attest their sufferings. We have at length hunted you to the entangled and dishonourable ground of *policy*, and have heard how men could reason, who made this principle the corner-stone of their system, that virtue is not always virtue—that *what is morally wrong can be politically right.*

"If we are intended to be taught by this doctrine, that, in states, *dishonesty is the best policy*, we would answer, that

such a sentiment is founded only upon a narrow and beggarly view of the consequences of human actions. It is an universal law, that '*like begets like*,' and consequently, evil must produce evil. If, therefore, dishonesty may be profitable for a moment, still it must, on the whole, be pernicious. The life of individuals is indeed so short, that it is sometimes left to eternity to correct the errors of time, and men are there punished for crimes perpetrated here. But the life of *states* is long enough for crimes to produce their full fruits, and the political sins of one century are therefore generally visited upon the people of succeeding centuries. Besides, I would have such reasoners consider, that though dishonesty may seem to strengthen the hands of a nation, by putting for the moment a new weapon into them, yet other nations will soon feel themselves privileged to use the same weapon; and we shall get nothing but villainy when

our competitors are equally villains. And still further—though a bad principle, applied by legislators to a particular end, may seem to profit us, yet it is impossible to calculate the evil consequences which may eventually spring from the national recognition of such a principle. Apply this to slavery. They who have acquired a kind of familiarity with slavery are dangerous to freemen. In whatever degree they influence the legislative policy of their country, in that degree their influence is mischievous; and since the effects of crimes can never be definitely foreseen, we know not but that those who have touched the awful bulwarks of Liberty, may at length assault her inmost citadel. But if those who maintain 'that what is morally 'wrong may be politically right,' mean to teach us, that *a nation is under no necessity of employing the same moral law as individuals*, I would then ask of them—What number constitutes a na-

tion; whether the interposition of a mountain or a stream can change the eternal rule of truth; whether nations are not made up of men, and therefore their duties are not the duties of the individuals who compose them? It is found in statics that systems of bodies affect each other, as if they were respectively collected at their centres of gravity. It is equally true, that the mutual relations of states should be regulated by the same maxims which influence the mutual relations of individuals, and that every system of public duty should be founded upon the basis of private morality. Justice is meant, indeed, to begin and to centre at home, but she must grasp in her circumference every point in the universe. Men are to wield the sword for their own nation, but they are to carry the scales for every other; and, in all questions of morality, to give to every man the right hand of brotherhood, as fellow-subjects of that God who is the monarch of the world.

"Instead of returning hypothesis for hypothesis, we have argued from the most stubborn and incontrovertible facts *. You might have learned from us that the capital employed by this trade is comparatively small †—that in general it is unprofitably employed—that many channels are yet neglected where the returns would be, at least, as certain, as rapid, and as abundant ‡. You might have learned that, at the most, it employs a trifling part of your navy—that no ship ploughs the African wave without purpling her keel with the blood of multitudes of her seamen §. You have been taught also, that a fresh importation is unnecessary to maintain the stock of their plantations. Nature would do the work of this terrible commerce if you would not thwart her operations ‖.

"You might learn besides, that when

* See Note A, at the end of the volume.
† See Note B. ‡ See Note C.
§ See Note D. ‖ See Note E.

you enslave the bodies, you enslave also all that is excellent in the nature of men. You destroy their power and their will to labour. Give them the hands of freemen, and they shall teach you what freemen can do. They will find heads to conceive, and hands to execute, the double of what is now wrung from them by an angry despotism and screwing avarice.

" It is a provoking circumstance, that, far from yielding to our opinions, our adversaries refuse to understand them. Many political lessons are read us upon the madness of taking the yoke from those who only value liberty as a means of licentiousness; and who, if they are free, will be barbarously free. But we do not need such instructions. Whilst we insist that the *abolition* of the traffic should we complete and immediate, we ask only for the gradual and measured *emancipation* of those who are already slaves. There is an infinite difference between choking your prisons with no

more captives, and rashly liberating all who had been confined there. Your prior conduct, indeed, best instructs us why we must not be as generous as we could be. It is one consequence of vice to make virtue difficult; and our cruelties have so degraded these poor creatures, that they would probably lift the hands we freed, against themselves and us. Instant emancipation would resemble the barbarous mercy of dragging those to the light whose organs of sight were previously weakened by the damps of a dungeon. You must now, therefore, deal out in successive drops the blessings of freedom, when you might have opened the floodgates of mercy upon half the world. But whilst we plead only for gradual emancipation, and ask you but by degrees to file away the chains from their bodies, we call upon you, without a moment's delay, to force away those which shackle their minds. It is knowledge and religion, which, when gene-

rally diffused, constitute that pre-existent soul of liberty that will render practically free any form of government it may animate. These temper liberty where it is, and create it where it is not.

"Such are the facts and opinions we have stated. What is their effect? You have not confuted our arguments—you could not controvert our facts, but, with a stubborn hostility, you have gathered up and launched again the darts which the shield of humanity had repelled.—Once more then we call upon you to desist from what I cannot but name this legalized butchery. We once more beseech you to gladden the eye of Heaven, by displaying to it in this island, one spot at least in its creation, where this detestable traffic is without a patron.—This is the last appeal we may be allowed to make, or you to regard. The cause of this miserable people has been, long enough, matter of cold speculation, or cruel contempt; even now clouds have

gathered, in the western hemisphere, which threaten to burst over us in showers of blood. Every day seems big with the most awful prophecies, that, if men any longer refuse to liberate Africa, God at length will make her free."

There was that in Gustavus which vibrated to every word that he uttered. "Such a man," said he, "almost redeems his countrymen from censure.—Who is he?" asked he.

"An *Enthusiast*," answered M.; "one of our madmen—a man, as they of O. define it, who may, indeed, love God, but certainly hates his fellow-creature."

"O for an atmosphere," said G. "which would make such madness 'epi-'demic!'"

"Such an atmosphere," answered M. "is the very breath of Heaven."

"The people of O. then possibly could not live in it?"

"Not as they *do live*," said M.

## CHAP. IX.

"The verses," said G. "which you repeated to me on your journey, were not your own?"

"I told you," answered M. "that you would never know their author. Love, however, of every kind, and sorrow of some kinds, dispose the mind to versify; and the last made me a poet for the first, and, with one exception, the only time in my life."

G. was silent, for there was an expression in the countenance of M. which showed him that he was endeavouring to cast his cares upon the same bosom where his child was laid.

"There, take the verses, my Gustavus," continued M. "This you may believe, that I have not adorned my child

with qualities which did not belong to him:—there was in him a seed of piety which promised every thing. One day I saw him a wholesome plant—his root spread around him, and the dew lay upon his branches—I passed by, but his place knew him no more. Take the verses; and if they show you that I am no poet, they will, at least, convince you, that He who took my child, had mercifully taught me how to lose him.

'Yes—thou art fled, and saints a welcome sing;
'Thine infant spirit soars on angel wing:
'Our dark affection might have hop'd thy stay,
'The voice of God has call'd his child away;—
'Like Samuel early in the temple found,
'Sweet rose of Sharon, plant of holy ground,
'O! more than Samuel bless'd, to thee 't is given
'The God he serv'd on earth, to serve in heaven.'"

Gustavus had read these lines, and was musing upon them, whilst M. sat plunged in thought. At length said M. "I know no fitter opportunity than this of making you acquainted with those circumstances

of my life which drove me to St. Foy. It has long been my wish; and accident, in the conversation we have had, has furnished a kind of preface which makes my task sit lighter on me. I must not, however, dwell upon the minuter parts of my story;—not that my memory would fail me, for every moment as it went has stamped some image of itself upon my heart. But I willingly forget them, or I should relate things which would wound us both, without improving either.—I tell you this story, among other reasons for this, that I am willing to justify to you my retreat from the active duties of life to the rocks of Switzerland."

"It was a retreat," answered Gustavus, "to which I owe so much, that I am not very likely to condemn it."

## CHAP. X.

"I SHALL not dwell," said M. "on the early stages of my life. My situation gave me rank, and most of those things which men principally covet. My mother was a second time married to a person of distinction. They were both, perhaps, of inferior talents; and both, but he particularly, paid a more devoted homage to wealth than might be expected from those who have long been familiar with it. I had one sister, many years younger than myself; she inherited from her mother great personal endowments—but her mind was cast in a finer mould than that of her parent. That quickness, which is in some degree the property of her sex, was eminently hers. With an almost painful rapidity her

winged thoughts roved from topic to topic. I may say also, that she was frank, constant, and affectionate. Qualities such as these she had in common with others; but, alas! she had a *sensibility* which was all her own: it was diseased—and it was her ruin. Had this sensibility been put under the control of religion, I should have been less fearful of its effect upon her happiness. But when I saw acuteness of feeling cherished in her education, and piety wholly neglected, I seemed to see, as it were, the fillets put on, in which this sweet victim was to be led to the slaughter. I had, from my earliest years, felt strongly on the subject of religion, and this circumstance, strange to say, had in a measure alienated the other members of my family from me. My father and his successor in my mother's love overlooked me as one who refused the ambitious course which they pursued: my mother feared me as one who, in her career of dissipa-

tion, haunted her as a kind of external conscience. In her distresses, indeed, she always sought a refuge in my arms.—With my sweet *Emily*, however——"

"Was her name Emily?" said Gustavus.

"It was," answered M. "We both love the name. With her I had some influence, and, on many occasions, I employed it successfully,—but against her *sensibility* always in vain.—'You must 'learn, my Emily,' I have said, 'either 'to be a Stoic or to be a Christian. To 'be a Stoic is to destroy the feelings, 'and of course to be in no danger from 'them.'—'This,' she answered, 'is the 'virtue of a coward.'—'To be a Chris-'tian,' I continued, 'is to give the heart 'an object, at once so great and so pure, 'that there is little danger, either of lov-'ing it too much, or loving it impro-'perly. Religion, without destroying 'the feelings, controls and employs them '—and thus, like the fabled transmuting

'power, turns all it touches into *gold.*'—'If it did,' she said, 'all the world would 'be Christians.' Such conversations issued differently. Sometimes all good was borne away on the wings of an unconquerable levity. Sometimes she would weep; but then she would run from me, to shed as bitter drops for an insect who had crushed a limb, or a flower which the wind had torn.—My employments in the army soon carried me out of the kingdom, and I remained abroad more than four years. I hurry over this interval to describe the melancholy state in which I found matters on my return. The wheel of life had not waited for me, but had carried away with it every relic of domestic joy.—Three months after I quitted her she had thrown away the jewel of her affections upon one of the creatures who are too commonly found in society. His person was fine; and in his knowledge of the heart, and his power to deceive it, he was inferior to

none. In the catalogue of the world he was a man of honour; in the eye of Heaven—I judge him from his works—he was a villain. A tone of sentiment, with which he well knew how to colour his conversation, won the affections of Emily. In her present situation, however, he could enjoy no more of his triumph than to harass the heart which he had gained. Some months brought an admirer of another character to her feet, and whom her parents, distrusting the intentions of the first, solicited her to marry. For half a year she resisted; she wept, she prayed. It was in vain. Every domestic manœuvre was played off to make a vicious sensibility take the part of parental authority, and she at length yielded a breaking heart to her mother's desires. This mother led her to the altar, like the Grecian princess *, a sacrifice to a parent's follies. The head,

* Iphigenia.

in minds such as hers, is ever the dupe of the heart, or Emily would have known, that though such authority may deny, it cannot oblige;—though it could prevent her from marrying where, they thought, it would not make her happy, it could not force her to marry where she had reason to believe it would render her miserable. For a short time, the steady efforts of a husband to give her pleasure, the gaieties into which he plunged her, and the witcheries of novelty, had their effect; and she was about half as happy as she might have been in the society of a man she loved. Another month, and every eye saw the star of her happiness begin to set. She was a sickly plant—the airs of heaven were too rough for her, and the suns of heaven too faint—she wanted a heated and artificial soil, and had not found it. Her husbaad was sensible, but he was somewhat dull; he was in love, but not with her follies; he was without vice, but

then he was also without romance. He had heard from her before their marriage the candid history of her own feelings, and had told her that 'a part of her heart 'was better than the whole of another's; 'and that a never-failing love would win 'from her the little she withheld.' Such affection, it is true, in a well-disciplined mind will sometimes accomplish its object; but he who had never studied in the school of sensibility could have no conception of the mighty and mysterious working of a heart like hers. The resources of dissipation are poor, and he soon saw her eye sicken at the painted bubbles with which he had supplied it. He was without religion, and therefore could not warm her heart with that flame which expels every unhallowed fire. In her virtue, however, he placed an unlimited confidence, and, with a rash generosity, he resolved to restore her peace by the sacrifice of his own. He invited to his house T——, the person of whom I

spoke, and who still, from the den of his debaucheries, kept the eye of a tiger on his prey. He came; her old fires rekindled—the eye again was lighted—the cheek flushed—the nerve strung—and her husband saw her all he wished her—but not for him. The effect of this experiment soon appeared: he had hoped merely to restore her spirits, but had revived her love. Concealment on either side was impossible. He was too fond to bear a rival; and she too ingenuous to pretend an affection which she now felt less than ever. They agreed therefore to part; and she resolved, in future, to see neither T—— nor her husband; or to receive them only among the crowd. Soon, however, T—— was singled from it, and scandal imputed to her the crime she had not committed. She was deserted, and what was scandal became truth. Too young in guilt not to be shocked at her situation, she at once saw her crime in its darkest colours. She

had a child, of which T—— was the father; and, perhaps, for a moment forgot her crimes in the tumults of a mother's love. But, with this companion, she might by degrees have become reconciled to her offence, and Heaven, in mercy, took it from her. It was at this moment T—— also forsook her; he had plucked the fruit, and then tossed this rifled and withering branch to the burning which awaited it.—My wife and child had long been dead, and therefore Emily, as to human things, was all in all to me. She was that little bark which I meant to pilot through the perilous seas of life. I had felt, therefore, during my residence abroad, a sort of sickness of the heart till I could see this darling sister. Picture to yourself then the moment when I landed, unacquainted with the events of more than two years. At every point I met a dagger; for every hint or question was answered by a crimson fact. I hastened to a cottage which she occupied, and saw

her rush, almost a spectre, into my arms. *Could* I thrust her from me? Shocked and contrite, she fell from my neck to my feet. As her fine hair curled about my legs, I remembered a *sacred* picture which resembled this, and which seemed to mingle a ray of hope with my despair. It softened also the severity of my anger. You must conceive what followed.

"In subsequent conversations, I soon discovered the value of those principles with which, in her earliest years, I had endeavoured to make her acquainted. They are often like stars, whose fires seem quenched for a time, but which, some round in the wheel of nature restores. At first I did not attempt to check her sorrow, but rather opened fresh avenues for it. I remember saying to her, 'It is indeed dreadful, Emily, that 'you should have dishonoured your fa-'mily—blasted your reputation—burst 'one of the most sacred bonds by which 'society is held together; that you

'should have given your example to the 'cause of vice:—but this is a small part 'of the evil—you are at enmity with 'God,—you have pierced the side of 'Him who died for you.'—She would answer me by one of those tumultuous sobs, which are the expressive language of a broken heart.—'Penitence,' I added, 'requires more than a tear or a sigh. 'You must grieve indeed, and with a 'grief measured by the purity of that 'God whom you have offended: but this 'is not all. You must pray, Emily, and 'pray in that language so congenial to 'a troubled soul—" Spare me, good 'Lord; spare me, whom thou hast re-'deemed with thy most precious blood, 'and be not angry with me for ever!" 'And finally, you must strive to live in 'the spirit of your prayers—lest you '" resolve, and re-resolve, and die the 'same." — Such penitence, and such 'alone, is acceptable to God.' After these conversations I could see some-

times despair extinguish every other feeling; and sometimes the beams of hope dry up the tears of despondency.—

"I must not dwell, Gustavus, upon our subsequent meetings, but hurry on to the period which shut her from the world for ever. I may tell you, however, that the Most High so touched her heart, by the agency of his Spirit, that I cannot doubt her tears are registered in heaven. For nine months I watched her through the stages of an unremitting penitence. She was humbled to the dust she trod on; the asking eye continually informed me where the heart was prostrate; the subject of her hourly lamentation was, that she could not make any reparation for the wrongs she had done. 'Do you try to repair them, 'my brother,' she said, 'by holding me 'up as a beacon to others.'—'God,' I answered, 'will, I hope, repair them by 'making the warning effectual.'

"During the many months I spent

with her I saw her health visibly decline. I took her to sea, in hopes that some breeze of the Atlantic might carry healing in its wings. But if the body languished, the soul appeared daily to be shaking off its incumbrances. The smile of religion seemed now to banish its tears. At this period I cannot describe to you the moments of solemn joy and of soft melancholy we passed together; when, with minds tuned to each other, we used to contemplate those scenes of nature which call up our better feelings.—There was something in her sight which sanctified the scenes over which it wandered. Hurrying over present things, she ever borrowed some touches from futurity to give them a celestial colouring. Some of these moments were deeply affecting. It was once, on a summer's evening, when she hung upon my arm, and opened her languid forehead to the fresh breeze, that she watched the sun sinking upon

the breast of the waters. I shall never forget the tumultuous emotion with which she pointed to the *setting orb*, and fastened her full eyes upon me. I was too intimate with her mind not to feel her melancholy meaning.

"Wearied with motion, she expressed a desire to be carried into Switzerland. We did not reach St. Foy. In less than a month I was called to her dying bed. Her disorder had little impaired her beauty; for consumption had shed its hectic ray upon her cheek, and her eyes had that kind of artificial brightness which often precedes death. I could have almost thought her frame that incorruptible body which is to be the soul's last covering. The alarms which had hitherto haunted her, seemed now to have left her for a more celestial inhabitant. She spoke with a holy confidence of her forgiveness—'*He* has 'borne our sorrows'—by *his* stripes 'we 'are healed.'—'If grief,' she added, 'has

'any part in moments such as these, it is 'because I must leave you—but I seem to 'feel that it is not for ever.'—This thought had called the last tear to her eye—we wept and we prayed together. One hand rested upon the book of God—it was opened at the page where the history of another penitent is found. 'Is it not 'written,' she attempted to say, 'Neither 'do I condemn thee?' Her lips closed upon the words. *It is,* sweet spirit—and thou art '*gone, to sin no more.*'

"This is not all. A scene of horror was still to be transacted upon this darkened stage.—I crossed the seas with all that now remained to me of this once cherished sister, and I then accompanied the body to the burying-place of her fathers. It was on my journey thither, that a servant gallopped up to the procession, and asked to whom it belonged. He rode with us till we met a carriage. I saw upon it a ducal coronet, and stopped instinctively. '*Who is it?*' said

some one that had shrunk with a kind of superstitious dread within. The servant told him.—At once a hand darted through the window, and the man received a violent blow upon his breast.—'*Villain, you lie; ask again.*' The man said, 'I have asked: it is *Lady Emily.*'—No answer succeeded, but in its place, that wild and ferocious laugh by which madness tells it has not a tear to shed. He became frantic. It was T.—Heaven had crazed the brain which had conceived this mischief, and he stood, like some oak which the lightning scathes, the gloomy monument of its hallowed indignation. His furies have never quitted him, but for moments, in which he might again learn his guilt, and again bleed for it.

"I have little more to add. My constitution was shattered by my eastern campaigns, and the scenes which succeeded rendered me unfit for society. I have often told you, my Gustavus, of

the manner in which your dying father, a soldier and a Christian, gave you into my hands. It is in a bloodless field he reaps his laurels. The heart has a mournful satisfaction in familiarizing itself with its own sorrows, and in Switzerland I knew they would meet me at every step. I therefore carried you thither, and excused my absence from a world which I could not serve, by my devotion to you whom I could. You must teach them that they have not been wronged by my desertion."

There was no reply.

M. said, as he rose to quit the room, "I told you I was more than once a poet. These verses are on her tomb:

"Weep not for us, thou sainted child of light:
No shade of woe shall dim thy bright abode:
Our raptur'd eye hath trac'd thine upward flight;
Faith pierc'd the veil, and pointed to thy God.

"Nor vain the vision—if unhallow'd joys,
By vice illum'd, the truant heart inflame,
Thy name, Emilia, shall the small still voice
Of conscience whisper, and a soul reclaim.

"God of Elijah, to thy servants give,
As erst, the robe which joy'd the prophet's eye;
O! from *her sorrows* let us learn to live,
O! from *her triumphs* let us learn to die."

## CHAP. XI.

Some days elapsed before they renewed their inquiry. It was one morning that M. lifted his eyes from those daily prints in which constitutions and fortunes are pressed upon the people of O. and in which any little character they may chance to have is taken away, with this remark—"These people are very *ingenious*.—Ingenuity, in great part, consists in fitting means to ends. Now, a main object with them is the extirpation of that species of madness, which, as you said, amongst a people *with* souls, would gain the name of religion. And their ingenuity is shown in the means employed by them to accomplish this end."

"What are these means?" asked Gustavus.

"They are innumerable; but they have one school, or rather hospital, appropriated to it."

"Show me something of its nature."

"The first great object of the conductors is to secure the delusion of those who enter it; and, as names are always found to govern weak minds, they sometimes entitle it, 'The School of Virtue.'"

"They mean, I suppose, the virtue of O."

"Which, to be sure," said M. "is little better than another name for vice. But this," he continued, "is not the only advantage they take of the infirmities of those with whom they have to deal. It is known, for instance, that this people always think themselves safe if they are doing what others do.—The hospital therefore is so constructed as to admit a number of patients at the same moment.—Again you are to remember, that this is a kind of moral cure to be practised upon a half-reasoning animal.

In such a creature, the influence of the *senses* is without limit. It is to these, therefore, the managers chiefly address themselves. The ear is supplied with impure songs, and the eye with licentious dresses."

"May not this," said Gustavus, "have another advantage? As the bite of the tarantula is cured by music, so the bite of this madness, or religion, may have its remedy, in a strong infusion of the fine arts, thus adulterated, taken the last thing going to bed."

"I ought to tell you," said M. "that, relying on that influence of names which I have mentioned, they call their different movements and operations in the eyes of the patients, '*holding the mirror* '*up to nature.*' And, indeed, this is in some degree true. But then they take special care to select some of nature's *worst* specimens for this exhibition. They rake society to the very dregs to produce objects for the entertainment of

eyes perhaps hitherto unsullied by scenes of vulgarity and vice;—they show nature naked, in short, to many who would otherwise have seen her only clad in the decent dresses of civilized society. I need not tell you, that a familiarity with vicious scenes and characters is seldom profitable. Man does not want to be taught how bad he may be. He who generally finds himself above par, will soon think himself privileged to grow worse;—and he who continually looks into *the mirror* reflecting nothing but bad faces, is not unlikely to deem himself handsome enough whilst he has a single feature better than the rest."

"Every fact," said Gustavus, "in the account of this people makes the hypothesis of their *having no souls* more probable, by always proving them to have some quality in common with animals which certainly have no soul. It is said of the chameleon, I believe, that it takes the colours of whatever object it looks on:

and, like it, these people seem, by your account, no sooner to look on vice than they become vicious."

"The next point at which they aim," continued M. "is to prepare the patient for the reception of their own drugs, by the removal of some impediments which his nature or his habits may have introduced. Such are, his *prejudices about the character of God*; his *respect for virtue*, and his *hatred for vice, as such:* in males, *the spirit of charity*; in females, *the love of modesty*. We must separately examine the wards in which these several operations are carried on."

"Can there, then," said Gustavus, "be more than one conception of the *character of God?*"

"Without doubt," answered M. "if every one consults his fancy instead of his Bible. The Greeks had sixty thousand gods, most of whom had qualities for which a man would, in modern days, have been hanged.—One ward then is

employed to physic down those notions about God, which their ancestors and their Bibles had bequeathed to the people of O.—Now mark the process.—A company of intellectual physicians is engaged, who make use of all the artifices of dress, gesture, action, and elocution, to instil the necessary doctrines."

"Is it ever found," asked G. "that these lecturers become converts to the doctrines they deliver?"

"It is," replied M. "Their lives too commonly attest the sincerity of their conversion. Biographers record the virtues of any one of them, as they would the health of a man who, alone of hundreds, should have escaped the devastation of a plague. I am unacquainted with the history of an individual among them which proves him to be a *devout* man. And, as to the mass, they are said to be among the most dissolute characters in O."

"Fit teachers, to be sure," said Gus-

tavus, " for a School of ' Virtue.'—It is, however, plain, that, if the lecturers *had souls*, they would have too much regard for them to engage in such a profession; or, if the *people had souls*, they would have too much humanity to encourage them."

" But let us return," said M.: " these lecturers violate the dignity of the Most High, by *taking his name in vain*, and by *scoffing at his laws*. Nor is this enough —they not only thus tear God from his throne, but they place an idol in it. *Love* is made the divinity of the place. One of them, for instance, thus addresses a procuress: ' Thou angel of light, let ' me fall down and adore thee*.' They demand the homage for this idol which should be rendered to Heaven. ' Men,' said one of these priests of Venus, ' are ' generally hypocrites or infidels; they ' pretend to worship, but have neither

* The Relapse.

'faith nor zeal: how few, *like Valentine*, 'would persevere unto martyrdom *!' Woman, indeed, according to this theology, is the real heaven of man. We find a worshipper of this altar, in a fit of devotion, thus addressing a female:

'There 's in you all that we believe of Heaven—
'Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
'Eternal joy, and everlasting love †.'

It has joys also so exquisite at its command, that the happiness of Heaven, in some concentrated or condensed shape, alone can equal them. It was of a single kiss, for example, one Bellamour pronounced, '*Eternity* was in that *moment* ‡.' This love also grasps and will hurl the thunders of futurity. 'My soul,' says a very high authority among them, 'despairs to be forgiven, unpardoned, love, 'by thee §.'"

"These physicians get their diplomas,

* Love for Love. † Venice Preserved.
‡ Old Bachelor. § The Stranger.

I suppose," said Gustavus, "from Paphos."

"Let us go on," said M. "to another ward. In this it is intended to relieve the patient from any troublesome relic of the love of virtue, or hatred of vice, which may have survived the fall. In a *world without souls* ridicule is a natural test of truth. The first attempt, therefore, of the orators in this department is to make *virtue ridiculous*. For this purpose, they conjure up a parson who is a glutton, or a pedant, or a miser. The great object in these fictitious characters is to wed hypocrisy, meanness, and folly to religion. The eye of the patient, once familiarized with these shadows, ever afterwards identifies, or at least associates the qualities thus forcibly connected with each other."

"Habit," said G. "had in like manner led me always to associate a human shape and soul, till you taught me better."

"To lessen the hatred of vice," con-

tinued M. "an operation of the same ward, they adopt two methods. They make the most amiable qualities its inseparable *allies;* and they make it *successful* whenever it takes the field. If, for instance, the personage is debauched, they give him generosity; if a spendthrift, good humour; if a liar, good temper; if vindictive, successful courage. The spectators naturally both learn to value the bad *qualities* for the sake of the good ones associated with them; and to deem *success* an unequivocal proof of *merit.*"

"On this ground," said Gustavus, "men ought to embrace a carcass for the sake of the spices with which it is embalmed; and should acknowledge the religion of Mahomet to be the true religion, because it has more disciples than that of Christ. But you have yet to tell me how they attempt to destroy, in males the spirit of charity, and in females the love of modesty."

"They are the works of different divisions," answered M.; "but I can describe the process in a breath. A physician in buskins undertakes the first, and usually accomplishes it by exalting bold *revenge* into a virtue. As to *Modesty*, it commonly falls a victim to a singular property of the place. The cause of it is as entirely concealed as the cause of gravitation—but as soon as the female patients enter the building, however much they blush at home, they rarely or never seem to blush. Here any thing may be said or done in their presence. The sun of decency seems from that moment to have set upon them, and to colour the cheek with its glowing hues no longer. The lecturer of course successfully avails himself of this circumstance."

"But such an attempt," said Gustavus, "must surely be of momentary operation?"

"On the contrary," answered M. "it

has a permanent influence. The eye for ever after is apt to confound or mistake every object it sees. ‘ Licentiousness,’ for instance, is mistaken for ‘ spirit,’ and ‘ a reformed rake’ is coveted as ‘ the best ‘ husband.’ ”

“ As if,” said G. “ it did not require more spirit to do right than wrong; and as if he who is perhaps but half cured is likely to be stronger than he who, never was ill.”

“ I should tell you,” continued M. “ another end which is accomplished in this edifice. The rulers of O. think, that of all aristocracies that of virtue is the worst, and therefore hasten to blot out those distinctions which used to separate the good from the bad. In the hospital accordingly all sorts of people are huddled together—the good and bad are equally welcome, and meet here to laugh and to cry in company.”

“ The scene,” said Gustavus, “ must resemble the face of a chess-board, black

and white, prostitution and innocence, drunkenness and philosophy, the swindler and the tradesman, mingled in monstrous confusion."

"You see," added M. "the advantages which result from this, to the object at which the governors aim. Vice soon begins to hold up her head, when she finds herself exalted to the same rank with Virtue; and Virtue learns to despise herself, when she is reduced to the same level with Vice. Fellow-citizens, therefore, of this unnatural republic, they soon shake hands."

"Is this institution," asked G. "new to the world?"

"It is the height of dexterity," answered M. "to employ those instruments for the cause of evil which have been sanctified by their employment in the cause of good. It was thus that the Prince of Cheats used Scripture on a memorable occasion. This institution originally in the hands of the Greeks,

was made a vehicle of praise to the *gods*."

"Perhaps it is still," said Gustavus, "to *the same gods*."

"It was found, however, impossible," continued M. "to employ it in the service of virtue, and it was therefore condemned by the first of Grecian lawgivers*. Rome refused it a place within her walls, till the same man†, in one moment, sheathed his sword in her liberty and in her virtue.—I have only one fact to add. During the progress of the most ferocious revolution which ever shocked the face of heaven, these hospitals in a single city of a neighbouring country multiplied from six to tweny-five. Now one of two conclusions follows from this: either the spirit of the times produced the institutions, or the institutions cherished the spirit of the times."

"This would go to prove then," said

* Solon. † Pompey.

Gustavus, " that they are either the parents of vice, or the offspring of it."

" Will you, Gustavus," asked M. " visit this place? You are perhaps cased in your principles from all danger?"

" I may be so," replied G.; " but even if I might safely bare my bosom to the blast, should I, by my example, do my utmost to tempt a thousand hectic wretches to the same experiment?"

" You are right, Gustavus."

" And so," said Gustavus, " I begin to think, is Monboddo.—But can you not conceive the stage, for this is your hospital, I perceive, among a people with souls, so regulated as to minister to the wants of the soul?"

" In theory I can; but every experiment contradicts the hope. I fear the stage has never improved the morals of a people. Either the temptation of gain has led the writers of plays to accommodate their sentiments to the worst feelings of our nature; or the characters of the

actors have been such as to defeat the operation of better sentiments. It is incredible that either the actors or their speeches should reform the age; when, with very rare exceptions, both fall below the standard of ordinary morality. When I say this, Gustavus, you must not think that I am either an enemy to recreation, as such—or that I undervalue that which is afforded by fine acting. As to the first, I am persuaded that recreation is necessary to fallen man. And, as to theatrical representations, I can conceive scarcely any thing more calculated either to display the genius of man, or to captivate his imagination. Such is the gratification they bestow, and such the benefit which, if consecrated to a right end, they might impart, that I could heartily wish the wise and the pious would bend all their faculties to discover whether it is impossible to render that innocent and useful which is so delightful."

## CHAP. XII.

It is long, gentle reader, since I have addressed myself particularly to you; and so occupied am I with Gustavus, that I should have even now gone on quietly with his story, if a peculiar suspicion had not occurred to me.

Since that Jewish law was done away, which forbad any man to intermarry with another family, the genealogical trees of society have become exceedingly confused.—It is possible, therefore, that some drop of the blood of O. may roll in your own veins—and if so, that you are anxious for an additional proof that you have no soul. I will endeavour to satisfy you upon this point. Such a proof indeed (though I should be sincerely sorry to know it was) may be of

great moment to you; for, without it, to live as you do live, and be either safe or happy, may be quite impossible.

To satisfy, then, any qualms of conscience you may feel, I beg to ask why you should think human bodies must have souls? Epimenides, a Cretan, tells us he had a power of dismissing and recalling his soul; which shows, you will allow, that he had a power of doing, at least for a time, without it. Is the veracity of Epimenides questioned? I answer, He was a *Cretan.*

Again, St. Anthony says he saw his own soul ascend to heaven and descend to earth again, and this continually.—Will any one question St. Anthony's authority? I answer, *He is a Popish Saint.*

Once more, one J. Browne wrote a book upon a controverted topic, which he dedicated to a queen of O. entreating her "royal prayers for himself—a man *without* a rational soul."—If I am told

that this man was mad, I reply, That is quite impossible, for *He wrote a book upon a controverted topic.*

Fourthly, a certain German, the idol of metaphysicians, has determined the soul to be made up of such qualities, that if there be no other soul but such as he describes, we may rest assured there are no such things as souls.—Some will remind us that this very German* for the two last years of his life conceived himself a *goose*, and that therefore he may have been one long before that period.—I answer simply, He was the *idol of metaphysicians.*

Again, another philosopher, a professor, and an inhabitant of Rostock, affirms that his soul and body have no sort of connexion with each other. He always speaks of his body like Cæsar of himself, in the third person. When his body is

* Kant is said for the last two years of his life to have believed himself a goose, and to have busied himself in pointing out his feathers to his visitors.

tortured with hunger, our professor says only, "*HE* seems hungry, *I* must feed him." When racked with disease, he only whispers, HE seems distressed, *I* must carry him to the doctor." Now, if his authority be contested—I maintain it upon these three satisfactory grounds —He is a *philosopher*, *professor*, and an *inhabitant of Rostock**.

Before, however, you draw any conclusions from these facts, it is but just to mention a theory which, it has been supposed, would solve many of the phenomena of O. It has then been conjectured that this people really have souls; but souls united to the body by a very peculiar covenant. The following contract is conceived to have taken place between them.—

It is stipulated on the part of the body,

1st, That although the soul dwell in

* This man is also well known to the literati of Germany.

the body, it shall never interfere with it in any of its enjoyments; for instance, in eating, drinking, licentiousness, or indolence.—Agreed.

2dly. That the soul, as in the marriages of O. shall never show itself in public with the body.—Agreed: if the body will at least once a year with its lips acknowledge the soul's existence in a church.

3d. That the soul shall never perplex the body in private.—Agreed.

4th. That the body shall be suffered to sleep if the soul should be called upon to listen to sermons.—Agreed; if the body will keep watch, should the soul also be disposed to sleep.—Amended, upon the suit of the body; if the soul may sleep full as often as the body.

5th. That the soul shall not attempt to warp the body to any fanatical practices, such as prostration, kneeling, wiping away rouge, giving away money. —Not absolutely agreed; because, by

such external acts, much worldly reputation would accrue to both.

6th. That the soul shall not employ the eyes of the body in reading the Bible.—Agreed; as the signing this contract indisposes the soul as much as the body to the Bible.

7th. That the soul shall take all the burden of religious duties upon itself.—Agreed; if the body will eat the bread at the sacrament, and kiss the book, for a place under Government.

8th. That the soul shall never disfigure the face of the body with a blush.—Agreed; when the soul shall be a little hackneyed in the ways of O.

On these conditions the body consents to receive the soul into garrison.

I collect this treaty from sources known only to myself. In O. though it is said to exist, from the abuse of words, it may wear a different aspect.—Do you, however, reject the contract as visionary and disgraceful?—Have you

no conception of a soul which could submit to such terms? Now then re-examine the cases I have adduced. They are examples of men proclaiming in themselves, either the total want of a soul, or its temporary absence. But that others may be without a soul, is a proof that you *may* be without one; and that no other solution can be imagined of your conduct, is surely a sufficient proof that you actually are.

This point then being established, enjoy, I beseech you, every moment of your bright career. Ye puppets of an empty show—ye figures of an useless series—ye shadows of threescore years—ye moving dust and ashes—dead to virtue, and furious with appetite, deem the breath of life an enduring substance, and eternity a bubble. Proceed, *illustrious bodies*, to your glorious destination: eat—drink—sleep—and perish.

## CHAP. XIII.

I VENTURE to hope, that, by this time, my readers are not altogether uninterested in Emily. If so, they will not be sorry to read one of her letters: and a part at least of one of them they shall read, if they will also read my preface to it.

The estimation in which females are held is a measure in our hands of the civilization of states — The *polished* Greeks made Wisdom—a god*dess*.

M. had remarked this to Gustavus.

"In O. you see," he added, "the thing is otherwise; the males deem the females their inferiors, and consequently give them an inferior education—The prescience of the stronger animal informs him that women cannot *learn*—he takes his resolution—they shall not be *taught*."

"Mahomet," said G. "has many disciples."

"Where there is no soul, as in O." continued M. "I have no anxiety to stand umpire between the sexes—but where there is a soul, it often lodges its finest qualities in the fairest bosom.—I know females in whom, if wisdom has lost any thing of her depth, she also wants all that harshness which occasionally disfigures her in the other sex—in whom, if the lines of science are softened, yet the figure is by no means erased—More than this—if there be a something of vanity in their constitution, and if their spirit of trifling or love of pleasure be sometimes such as not easily to incorporate with serious religion; still there is in them a meekness which the hand of Heaven easily bows into humility, and a tenderness which forbids them to repeat those crimes for which a Saviour has bled."

I have been often found a mourner at

the grave of M.—and if the cause of some of the tears I have there shed be asked, I answer,—I lament the loss of his piety in an age when a single tomb will bury more ashes than piety can spare—of his quiet benevolence—of his generous, I might almost say, chivalrous respect for women.

I would not, however, to support the female sex, maintain, in the language of C. Agrippa, that when they wash their hands, they do not sully the purity of the water; whereas men may wash as often as they will, and the stream will yet suffer from the pollution of the flesh it bathes. Nor do I quote other equally high and unsuspected authorities who have sung of marvels quite as great as this.—But this I mean to say, that women owe much of their inferiority to the tyranny of men. Give them the opportunities of man, and they would perhaps, as to most points, equal his attainments. My business, however, is not to panegyrize females, but to give

one of Emily's letters. It is written in all the confidence of those who have loved each other from childhood.

"We sadly want you back again, Gustavus; for every thing seems to go wrong without you. I am sure that I do. You know, for instance, with what delight we used once to look at all the works of nature. But now things around me seem changed. I take the same walks we have loved together, but without the same feelings. The moon wanes, but she strengthens again;—the flower shrinks, but it opens again;—Gustavus goes, but he does not return. —Once, every wind seemed to carry its peculiar treasures along with it. Now, if it blows from St. Foy—I have caught myself saying—'Gustavus *cannot* come' —if to St. Foy—'Gustavus *will* not 'come.'

"I know this is wrong, Gustavus, and do not seriously wish to blame any one but myself. I believe that this sum-

mer has been as bright as the last, and the winds as fragrant, and the flowers as gay—but you know one likes to have just a single person to tell how very sweet every thing is. Mamma is so feeble, alas! that I can seldom get her out. Else she first taught me to love nature; and even now she seems to grow young again, for a moment, when she can climb the hill at sunrise, and see the lake

'One burnish'd sheet of living gold.'

"But do not think, Gustavus, that I am either quite idle, or really unhappy. The school increases, and I go to it every day. I visit the cottages too more than ever, I think, particularly when I am a little low—for I find that looking at and trying to lessen the real sufferings of the poor, is one of the best cures for our light distresses. La Roche *, our

* Every one who has read the exquisite tale of 'La Roche' in the 'Mirror,' will know why the author has been glad to borrow this name for the Minister of St. Foy.

dear minister, goes among them as much as ever. Mamma said yesterday, as she saw him labouring up the high hill behind the house,—'How beautiful *on the moun-* 'tains are the feet of them that bring 'glad tidings of peace!' And indeed he does carry 'peace,' Gustavus, wherever he goes. I had the happiness to meet him about ten days since at La Valette's cottage, which you remember, hanging over the little brook. I was standing and watching the water as it bubbled by beneath me. 'Ah, dear Emily,' he said as he came up, 'these shining bubbles 'are an emblem of what is passing within 'the cottage. Poor La Valette has 'sparkled her moment upon the stream 'of life, and is now melting into the 'vast ocean of eternity.'—'But not, Sir,' I said, 'to be lost or forgotten there.'—'No,' said he; 'God counts the tears of 'his saints—and her penitence and love 'have, I doubt not, come up as a memo-

'rial before him. Shall we go in and 'see her, Emily?'

"I was of course rejoiced to go; and may I never forget the scene! She is much reduced in strength and wasted in health since you went; but her spirits are better than ever. If I wished to take any one to the happiest house in the village, I really believe I should carry him there. I think she said, 'Thank God!' twenty times during this one short visit. And yet there is nothing presumptuous in her manner—for you know her almost incessant prayer is, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' But then, while she distrusts herself, she seems to have an unbounded confidence in God.—La Roche took her by the hand —'You seem very happy, La Valette.' —'Is He not *our Father?*' she answered. 'I should be quite happy, Sir, if it were 'not for remembering how often I have 'crucified afresh that Saviour who loved 'me so tenderly. One thing more some-

'times distresses me. When the cords 'which keep me here seem almost 'broken, and I am longing to spread my 'wings, and flee away and be at rest, I 'suddenly revive, and feel for a moment 'as if the happy hour of my dismissal 'was not come. It is like having nearly 'reached the port, and being driven out 'to sea again—to that stormy sea, where, 'but for you, or rather, but for that 'God who sent you to me, I had well 'nigh foundered.'—'*He*,' said La Roche, 'who has so long carried you in his 'arms, has said, that his sheep shall 'never perish, and that none shall pluck 'them out of his hand.'—'And I doubt 'not,' she said, 'he will fulfil his pro-'mise.—Young lady,' she continued, after a little pause, and turning to me, 'you are young, and cannot yet have 'proved the power of that religion which 'I trust you love. "I have been young, 'and now am old"—she almost rose up in her bed as she spoke, and a new light

darted into her eyes—" yet saw I never ' the righteous forsaken." I have proved ' religion in the varied scenes of a very ' stormy life, and I have found that her ' sun never goes down, and her anchor ' never gives way.' As she said this, she fell back, and I really thought her last struggle was over. You can fancy the countenance of La Roche during the whole of this scene. La Valette had thought nothing of religion, I have heard, till he first knew her; so that she was a sort of child of his old age. The mixture of emotions seemed almost to overwhelm him. It was like the struggle of the sun and the shade for victory. At length he said, ' Let us together ' thank God, for having raised up this ' monument of his mercies; and pray ' that our lives and our latter end may be ' like hers.'—' Not your lives, Sir,' Valette meekly said. La Roche kneeled down, and I need not tell you how simply, ardently, and sublimely he

prayed. You know his way of dwelling on those two words—'Our Father!' We soon after quitted the cottage; and the last words I remember to have heard her utter were, 'Thy rod and thy staff, *they* 'comfort me.'

"Here I must stop, Gustavus, only grieving that I cannot better describe what I so deeply felt. But you will kindly forgive, and supply all my deficiencies.

"I had almost forgot to ask if the smoke of the city you are in, suffers you to see our favourite star. It still comes first of the heavenly travellers—like the eye of night, looking out if it be time for the others to rise. How often has this star lifted my thoughts to its Maker, and scarcely ever without a prayer for Gustavus! If then you receive blessings, think them those which were prayed for by your Emily."

## CHAP. XIV.

The science of love is the philosophy of the heart. Emily lectured in the last chapter; in the present I shall conduct the student to the groves of a severer learning. And here, reader, I must caution you. If every wise or very foolish, come not, with me, to this porch of philosophy. For, if very wise, I have the vanity to believe, you already think as I do; and, if very foolish, you will never think at all. If, however, you are among those who never saw a modern philosopher, and think the sight of one would not startle you; if you have a plain mind and an honest heart; if the nerves of your head are strong; and you do not heed the gales, not absolutely Sabean, which fan the temples and cloud the room of a

philosophical student;—come on—and, in the cause of human nature and common sense, we will take the field against all the philosophers in the universe.

It will be recollected that the divine of O. had promised to introduce our wanderers to one of her philosophers. I copy from a letter of Gustavus the account which he sent to Mad. de N. of this visit.

"It was only yesterday, my dear Madam, that we paid our promised visit. Our clerical conductor ushered us into the room, and then abandoned us to some antiquated skin and bones which half occupied a three-cornered chair in it. I soon perceived that philosophy, or at least the philosophy of O. does not always smooth the brow of care. M. managed the conversation with the art which is peculiar to him; and our shrivelled companion soon proved himself, if I may be permitted to say it, dull, mistaken, and dogmatical. St.

Foy, my dear Madam, has rescued us from all but—the sterling philosophy—the philosophy of God: but you shall for a moment become a student in the school of O.; your rocks and mountains shall laugh to see what inhabitants they have escaped, and glory in the brown sons of labour who climb them. I send you that part of our conversation in which the theory was detailed, by which the animal wisdom of our philosopher proposes to secure the morals of his countrymen *.

" ' I had very innocently made use of ' the word *Conscience.*'

" ' You are but young in these mat- ' ters,' said the Philosopher, ' or you ' would have known that conscience is a

* The author cannot possibly, in any part of this chapter, be suspected either of any personal allusion, or of any disrespect, to the individual of great talents and virtues by whom this system has been chiefly promulgated in our schools and universities.

'banished term: we no more think of 'it than Centaurs or Phlogiston. *Ex-* '*pediency* is now the only rule in morals.'

"'What, Sir,' I asked, 'do you mean 'by expediency?'

"'I will give you my system,' said the Sage, 'to explain the word. The 'chief object of philosophy is to answer 'the question, "What is virtue?" Now 'then take this fundamental proposition '—That "Heaven wills the *happiness* of 'its creatures."'

"'If you include eternity,' said M. 'this cannot be questioned. Some would 'prefer to say that God, *here*, wills the '*improvement* of his creatures;—that he 'desires to make them *happy* in another 'state, by making them *good* in this. 'Let it, however, be admitted, that, even 'here, God wills simply the *happiness* of his 'creatures; and that, therefore, plagues, 'for example, are plainly sent to release 'superannuated misery; whirlwinds, to

'keep the sea from corruption; war, 'to give young officers promotion; fa- 'mine, to rest the earth; earthquakes, 'to rock our cradles.'

"'Taking this for granted,' continued the Philosopher, 'my disciple, in his 'search after virtue, will, if true to his 'system, argue thus: To know what 'is my duty, or what is virtue, in any 'particular case, I have nothing to do 'but to discover what, in this particular 'case, will promote the happiness of the 'creatures of God. My virtue is simply 'this, to promote the worldly happiness 'of God's creatures. Observe, Sir, the '*simplicity* of this system. It reduces 'all the virtues within a small circle, and 'renders them alike accessible to the 'highest and the lowest.'

"'Captious opponents,' replied M. 'might say that it rendered virtue thus '*equally* possible to high and low, by ren- 'dering it utterly impossible to any; and

'that it simplified the virtues by lopping 'away the larger half of them.'

"'But captiousness, Sir, is not ar- 'gument. Perhaps, as you can assert 'for these cavillers, you can also argue 'for them.'

"'I will attempt it,' replied M. 'They would possibly endeavour to prove 'the system inapplicable, thus: God 'wills the happiness of his creatures: 'therefore virtue is the promoting this 'happiness. Now, in order to apply this 'doctrine, we are of course supposed to 'know by what steps or by what results 'in each case, this happiness would be 'promoted; but the misfortune is, that 'we are in utter ignorance of them.'

"'How so, Sir?' said the startled Philosopher.

"'Your adversaries would say, Sir,' replied M. 'that we cannot know what 'will advance the *real* happiness of any 'individual, at the present moment; and 'that if we could, the happiness of to-

'day may be the misery of to-morrow;
'or the joys of to-morrow the ruin of
'eternity. But suffer me still to be the
'spokesman of your opponents, and to
'ask you to apply your principles to the
'solution of a case in life. I see a beg-
'gar, almost broken down with the
'variety of his afflictions. Ought I to
'relieve him?'

"The Sage knit his brow. The distortion of his countenance plainly indicated either that cases of charity were not those with the solution of which he was most familiar; or, that the solution of any case was not with him the labour of a moment.

"At length he said, 'You should have
'argued thus: Is it expedient for the
'beggar that I should relieve him? Will
'it benefit him *now?* Will it benefit
'him *upon the whole?* Will it benefit
'*the universe?*'

"'Let us then,' said M. 'reason the
'case after this manner: I give the beg-

'gar a shilling: he buys mutton with it;
'the mutton may be mangy, and his
'health suffer from it—I will give him
'no shilling. But the disease may dis-
'pose him to religion—I will give him
'a shilling. But if he thinks of religion,
'and again neglects it, he will have the
'guilt of neglected opportunities—I
'would not for worlds give him a shil-
'ling. His perdition might make others
'cautious—I would not for worlds but
'give it him. Thus, before a point was
'settled, the chain of reasonings would
'reach from pole to pole, and the poor
'wretch would inevitably starve.'

"'You push matters too far, Sir,' said the Philosopher.

"'Those, Sir, for whom I argue,' replied M. 'would say, this was impossible.
'In your system, I know nothing, if I
'do not know all. Before I can justly
'decide upon the *expediency* of a single
'case, and therefore upon what is my
'*duty* in that particular case, it forces

'me to condense infinity to a point; to 'decypher the map of eternal Provi- 'dence; to collect, compare, combine, 'and enumerate the ever-shifting occur- 'rences of futurity, and unerringly cal- 'culate their results. If this be true, it 'is demonstrated that the system of ex- 'pediency is useless because *inapplicable*.'

"At this moment Philosophy quitted the bosom of this her favourite son; and those opponents of his theory, whom M. had undertaken to represent, were committed, with considerable emphasis, to all the winds, waves, and furies of the universe. At length, in a voice mingled with fear, curiosity, and passion, he desired M. to attempt the making good their *second* assertion;—that 'his system '*simplified virtue by lopping away one half* '*of it*.'

"'They would reason thus,' said M.: 'You have said that "Virtue is the 'promoting the happiness of *others*." 'But can any account of virtue be com- 'plete which cuts off all the obligations

'man owes to *himself*, and all he owes to
'*his God?* A monarch would take a
'strange way to simplify the government
'of a province, who should begin by a
'slaughter of two thirds of its inhabit-
'ants.'

"Now here, my dear Madam, I cannot but think that M. forgot the presence in which he stood. Such an argument, to a man who had a soul, would have been irresistible; for it seems plainly to be virtue in him to *save this soul*, and *honour the God* who gave it him. But a few feet of breathing clay can have little respect for itself, and less for the hands which shaped it. A sneer upon the face of the Philosopher soon taught me that of all arguments, those which related to a soul, the least affected him.—I was so lost in my musings upon this extraordinary scene, that I listened to nothing for some time, till I heard M. say, 'My
'objection to the system of expediency
'is, that it does not take man as it finds

'him, and employ his nature; but, on 'the contrary, attempts to square the 'man to the theory.'

"'You astonish me, Sir,' said the Sage. 'Man is a *reasoning* animal, and 'my system would in every situation 'make him reason. He is before every 'action to *compare events* and calculate '*consequences*. He is not even to succour a parent, or nourish a child, till he 'has reflected upon and calculated the 'consequences of such conduct. It is 'thus the Scythian finds it *expedient* to 'dine upon his grandfather, because, if 'he did not eat him himself, his countrymen have so little veneration for age, 'that they would probably starve him 'first, and devour him afterwards. In the 'same manner the Chinese deem it expedient to drown such of their children 'as they do not admire, in the canals of 'Pekin; because useless citizens cannot 'make a better use of a land, full of 'people and barren of provision, than

'to find a grave in it. Each determines 'wisely, "for *whatever is expedient is* 'right."'

"Do you not, my dear Madam, tremble? What a system is this, which, if even a world were shaking to dust, would set its disciple, unmoved and indifferent, upon the last relic of creation, to weigh in his balance and number the atoms as they fell? Shall I confess to you, that, bursting with conviction and indignation, I exclaimed, 'If Monboddo 'had given philosophers as many tails as 'the Grand Seignor gives his Bashaws, 'I could believe him.' The Philosopher appeared confounded at my exclamation; and it then, I confess, occurred to me, that there might be a secret cause for his confusion. If the theory of Monboddo be not universally true, may not this be a distinguishing curse gone forth against philosophers? Philosophy has always some secret, and may not this be the secret of to-day?

" M. however soon recalled me from my meditation upon the possible formation of philosophers, and the Sage from his lamentation over it, by addressing this master in ethics: 'This is monstrous, Sir. Is expediency to transplant and naturalize the worst crimes of barbarians in the soil of O.? It has been said, that the *virus* of no animal returns upon itself; such reasonings, however, happily carry their confutation with them. But I repeat my accusation;—your system is *not fitted to the nature of man.* Man *reasons*, indeed, as you say:—but then he also *feels; thought* works in him, but so does *conscience:* the *heart* speaks when the *head* is silent; the *moral instinct* sometimes lives in him when every other spark of the mind is extinguished. You reduce his powers to those of an arithmetician. You drive him for motives through a ledger-book of profit

'and of loss, when he would find the best 'counsellor in his own bosom.'

"'*Conscience—moral instinct—feeling!*' said the Philosopher, and rubbed his eyes, as though to ascertain in what world he was: 'What, Sir! using this 'term *conscience* for some blind, unintel-'ligible, and capricious feelings of the 'mind, are we to use *her* eyes, and lean 'upon *her* decisions in morality?'

"'As the "term conscience,"' replied M. 'finds a place in the Bible, it should 'find a place in every system which 'pretends to govern the morals of men. 'But we use it for very different feelings 'from those which you enumerate. We 'use it for feelings which the Chinese 'violates when he exposes his child, and 'the Scythian when he dines on his 'grandfather; for feelings, which check 'ingratitude, which revolt against mur-'der, which persuade to justice, which 'intimate the being of a God.—Of these 'feelings we say—they are (with in-

'numerable others like these) *defined*—
'*simple*—*and intelligible*—*invariable in the*
'*same circumstances*—*always at unity with*
'*themselves, and with the word of God*—
'*and living alike in the breast of all man-*
'*kind:* we use the "term conscience"
'for *feelings implanted by God, and in-*
'*structed and governed by reason and re-*
'*velation.*'

"'But would you,' asked our disputant, 'build a system upon feelings?'

"'They must lay the first stone, and 'reason and revelation erect the edifice. 'Laws grow out of these as their first 'elements. They are corollaries from 'propositions, which the feelings, thus 'taught and regulated, establish. I 'would add one observation: If man-'kind were not already agreed as to the 'point, your own system *supposes* the 'very feelings which you refuse to em-'ploy. You would estimate conse-'quences;—but must not the mind *weigh* 'consequences before it can *number*

'them? Must we not *value* before we 'can *calculate?* In this moral arithme-'tic, as much as in any other, two is not 'more than one till we have *felt* the *value* 'of two and one. Your theory there-'fore, with patricidal hand, would anni-'hilate the very feelings on which alone 'it depends.'

"I then entreated M. to take a case, and compare the influence of the two systems by bringing them to act upon it.

"'I will,' said M. 'We are told that 'the Duke of Marlborough received a 'letter in an unknown hand, assuring 'him that his life depended on meeting 'the writer of it in one of the aisles of 'Westminster Abbey. Now suppose the 'Duke to have gone, and the ruffian to 'have rushed upon him, and by threats 'of death to have extorted a solemn 'promise that he would deposit a certain 'sum in the same spot at some future 'time—*ought the Duke to have returned*

'*to deposit it?* Of this case I would 'affirm, and you, Sir, will unite with 'me*, that although expediency should 'balance the pro and con for ever, she 'would not arrive at a solution. The 'Duke must, according to your theory, 'reason thus: "By going I save my life; 'and others, by taking my line of con-'duct, may, in similar circumstances, 'save theirs. Expediency therefore di-'rects me to go.—But, on the other 'hand, if I go, villainy prospers, and 'the success in this case may be the 'prelude to unlimited extortion. Expe-'diency therefore directs me not to stir 'a step." Thus would expediency undo 'with one hand what she did with the 'other.'

"'But,' said I, 'would an appeal to 'his conscience in this case have done 'more for him?'

"'The moral instinct,' replied M. 'would have instantly and powerfully

* Vide Paley's Moral Philos. vol. i.

'taught him, that he must not become a 'villain because he had to deal with one.'

"The Philosopher, because, as I suppose, he was beaten upon his own ground, whirled us away through ages, and over seas and continents, to the schools of ancient Rome. 'Would you, Sir,' he said, 'thus discard the "*utile*" of the 'ancients, which in fact answers to our 'expediency?'

"'You would in vain,' replied M. 'shelter your system beneath a Pagan 'wing. I would not discard their '"*utile*," but I would retain and improve 'upon their "*honestum*." Those of your 'school have confessed that the errors to 'which a mere calculation of conse-'quences leads, induced the ancients to 'add the "*honestum**." We may believe, 'Sir, that had some of these philosophers 'enjoyed a revelation to instruct and 'regulate the feelings, they would have

* Vide Paley's Moral Philos. vol. i.

'matured the system of which they have 'scattered the rich seeds to posterity, 'and have planted a Roman soil with 'Christian virtues.'

"The Philosopher had read enough Greek to know that generals had gained almost as much renown by a masterly retreat as by a successful contest. Having tried his strong hold, he therefore gave up the field, and skirmished with a few light troops, while the main body made away. One of the last assertions, I remember, was, that there was a '*fashion* in every thing, and Phi-'losophy must wear the prevailing habit, 'or society will not receive her. Expe-'diency is enthroned in the cabinet, and 'she must be seated in the schools.'

"'O, no, Sir!' said M. emphatically: 'worlds may die away, but Morality is 'as unchangeable as the God from 'whose mouth she proceeded. There is 'a *good old way* in morals, and I beseech 'you not to wander from it. Heaven

'gives us *bodily instincts*, and we are 'glad to profit from them; it gives us '*moral instincts*, and we must abide by 'them. Do not *substitute arithmetic* for '*feeling*, nor think things good only 'because you can *number* their excellen-'cies, but because *God, speaking in the* '*heart*, tells you that they are good.'

"You will observe, my dear Madam, as before, that this address was in many parts only applicable to one who *had a soul.* The Philosopher, by his not heeding it, convinced me that *he had none.* M. indeed soon perceived his mistake, into which the agitation of debate had, no doubt, hurried him. He was silent—the philosophy of his opponent was any where but in his countenance—and we quitted the house.

"My beloved Madam, *I* have never been a pupil in the school of expediency. I love you and Emily, not because I counted your excellencies, but because I felt them. I will learn no other doc-

trine; for, when the power to number shall decay, and only the balance of the sanctuary remain, we know of a love which never faileth. Thus only, therefore, can I be for ever

"Your

"Gustavus."

## CHAP. XV.

I SHALL now follow our travellers through some more of their wanderings.

M. took an early opportunity of conveying Gustavus to one of those midnight orgies which are celebrated in O. to the deities of dissipation.—I stop for a moment to describe it, because posterity may be as curious to hear of these rites, as we are to inquire into the mysteries of the Dionysia and of Paphos.

It has been said, that all the miracles which the Roman Catholics impute to their saints are borrowed from the fables of heathenism : there is also a curious resemblance in the two above-mentioned feasts of Greece and Rome to that of O. which we are discussing. If to satisfy the God of Vineyards and the Goddess

of Love, it is only necessary that throngs of imperfectly dressed women should be assembled; that goblets of wine should crowd the tables; that the limbs of animals should be devoured; that some should hymn the praise, and feel the inspiration of love and wine—take again, ye laurel and vine crowned deities, your stations on Olympus, and be assured that the votaries ye have lost in Naxos or in Paphos have built your altars in O.

Gustavus had been astonished, on entering this temple of pleasure, to find the multitudes by which it was peopled. "Those," said he, "who are all spirit (alluding, no doubt, to the winged inhabitants of Pandemonium), and who are all body, seem, in similar circumstances, to have a similar power of contraction." He, at length, ventured to remonstrate with a transparent form, to whom he had been introduced, upon the absurdity of some things he saw.—The person simpered an assent.—"That

others then," said he, continuing the conversation, "should pursue and cultivate them, who think them right, is intelligible. But what are your motives for doing them?"

"I always *do what others do.*"

Gustavus turned to M. "Monboddo is right," he said; "for we are told, that in countries where cocoa-nuts are found, those who collect them, afraid to climb the slight branches on which they hang, throw stones at the *monkies* which inhabit the trees, who return a shower of cocoa-nuts—for this simple reason, that monkies *always do what others do.*"

He had sought a refuge from the din of voices in a part of the room which was planted with tables, at which usually four persons were seated. Each person held in his hand certain oblong papers, mysteriously spotted, which he seemed to take up for the very important purpose of laying down again. Their silence was almost without interruption; but

the faces of some of them, in which occasionally fatigue, anger, disappointment, and avarice, were painted—the cloud of the eye, the curl of the nose, the storm of the brow, were sufficiently expressive of the state of their minds.

"If these persons had souls," said Gustavus, "and consumed, as they seem to do, three hours per diem of the twelve in this employment, what a curious article it would form in the book of final account! '*Item*, One fourth of 'life spent in watching painted papers.'"

The historian is privileged to comment upon the opinions of those whose history he writes. I must observe, therefore, that I, who have in general a profound respect for the opinions of M. can never imagine that he measured the religious state of an individual by the degress of his hostility to a few particular amusements. Some amusements there are which fly in the face of religion;—these M. treated as her enemies,

and as his own. Others are only equivocal. They have little in their nature which piety condemns, but then their consequences are more or less formidable. *Cards* take their rank among these last. Now shall I be thought presumptuous in attempting to supply a sort of rule by which such amusements may be tried? so that, whilst other legislators are hanging or quartering the vices of mankind, I may endeavour to convict those pleasures from which half these vices have sprung.—Nothing paints so forcibly as contrast. Let me therefore, in order to condemn guilty amusements, point out such as it would be impossible to condemn.

If they are not easy of abuse;—if the advantages they produce balance their mischiefs when abused;—if their direct or chance expense does not break in upon our charities;—if they are not so closely allied to the amusements of the bad as to confound and incorporate

men of the most opposite sentiments;—if they have no tendency to wean society from more profitable employments;—if, lastly, they do not improperly encroach upon that brief period bestowed upon man to do the business of eternity:—if all this be true of any of them, I will say of him who uses such amusements, he *may* be a Christian, and a very good Christian; but the most distinguished Christian will need them the least. For he will seek his pleasures chiefly in the field of his duties; and though he *suffers* mere amusement, and is even thankful for that, as for every thing else, when it comes, will neither anxiously court it, nor repine at its absence.

I suspect that the lovers of cards will not now be anxious to bring them to the bar of my judgment. If I am thought too severe in wishing to rid society of this amusement, let me add, as some mitigation of my offence, that I believe these implements of idleness are often

found in more conscientious hands than they deserve.—If the threadbare argument is pressed upon us, that the state of society makes them necessary—I borrow the sentiment of the opposers of our poor-laws — "Destroy the poor-houses; and the poor, having no public hand on which to lean, will use their own." In like manner I would say, Banish cards; and society, wanting a refuge for indolence and imbecility, may become active and intelligent. To make the idle happy, is to cut off the only bridge by which they might return to the society of the wise and good. The present age, indeed, according to my plan, must suffer by being robbed of their crutch; but, in consequence of it, the next age will perhaps walk alone.—I return to Gustavus.

M. had some difficulty in convincing him that he was in a place of amusement. The "Dance of *Death*" of Holbein rushed into his memory as he observed

some of the ghosts which glided down the dance; nor could he comprehend the texture of some of the female nerves of O.—which, too feeble for even the most quiet duties, seemed to rejoice in the heat of a furnace, the noise of a cataract, and the wild confusion of a field of battle. Less than all this could he comprehend how four creatures could voluntarily nail themselves for a quarter of the sun's daily course to the same surface of green cloth—could for that period contract with each other to abstain even from the appearance of an idea; and welcome to their breast a thousand feelings which nothing but an exorcist could expel.—But I hurry on to a second anecdote.

Some kind of pause had occurred in the quartette before their eternal "da capo" commenced, when one of its performers lifted a languid eye to the face of Gustavus: "You have lately come among us?"

"Yes."

"Do you like us?"—He did not wait for a reply—"*Un sage peuple,*" said he, "*on s'amuse si bien—on ne fait que s'amuser.*"

He resumed his occupation, and Gustavus stood wondering by what curious analysis an inordinate appetite for amusement was discovered to form a constituent part of "*sagacity.*"

It was three days after this that he was walking with M. in one of the most industrious streets of O. Several monkies were elevated on a stage, and, in spite of the example around them of men, horses, and asses, striving for their daily bread, continued their fantastic gambols, as though they alone had a charter to be indolent amidst a busy creation. The contrast between them and the bustling citizens beneath, their incessant antics and absurdities, were not lost upon Gustavus.—"*Un sage peuple,*"

said he, "*on s'amuse si bien—on ne fait que s'amuser!*"—M. could not help smiling at these strange confirmations of his theory.

## CHAP. XVI.

Accident had, early in the morning, carried our travellers to the Park which we formerly mentioned. Gustavus was surprised to discover six well-dressed men already in possession of one corner of it. Two of these, apparently much at their ease, held some kind of surgical apparatus in their hands. Two others were obviously busy in adjusting the position of the remaining couple, and at length planted them *vis-à-vis*, in marble dignity, at the distance of fifteen paces. What was our hero's astonishment when he saw one of the two last, as he imagined, passive creatures, with unruffled nonchalance, level a huge pistol, and discharge it at the breast of his companion! It missed; the other fired, and the first

fell. Immediately one of the medical bystanders of whom we spoke, rushed upon him, and conveyed him in his talons to a carriage. The rest were speedily enclosed in other conveyances, and the party had vanished almost before the wonder of Gustavus allowed him to reach the spot. For a moment he stood petrified and speechless.

M. heard him bursting from his trance by some broken phrases — "Thus to brave the Almighty's thunder—to stake eternity on the turn of a ball—to rush unbidden into the presence of God—to fling away the *soul!*"

"Do you remember," said M. "our definition of an idiot?"

"As opposed to a madman," answered Gustavus, "he is a man who argues irrationally from a rational idea: he thinks himself, as he is, a *man*, but acts like any other animal."

"Did not I tell you that an acquaintance with this definition would be of use

to us? Behold in the warlike animals of to-day the idiots of O. These are persons, who know, that, though without souls, they have bodies, and yet act, when they fight a duel, as though they had none."

"I long," said Gustavus, "for a proof of this; for I was thinking, that if the notion of a God and an immortal soul were removed, this practice was calculated to secure the rights, and polish the manners of society."

"What benefits then," asked M. "do you conceive society to derive from duelling?"

"One plainly," answered Gustavus—"I mean *reparation*."

"In general," said M. "the law in such cases will assist him. It is true, however, that there are situations where the law does not interfere, and in which, without some interference, the character of the injured person might suffer.

Now, then, in these you seem to think a man gains a 'reparation' by challenging his enemy?"

"I think so."

"Let us examine this point.—A is injured by B; would his wrongs be *repaired* by A's proposing, and B's consenting, that each should leap the same precipice? If, indeed, he could force B *alone* to take the leap, and the *shortening* another's life could *lengthen* his own, this might be a sort of compensation for his wrongs. Otherwise it is not.—Besides, suppose A, a rector, to be of twice the specific gravity, and half the muscular force of B, who is but a curate, so that the leap which is easy to the last breaks the bones of the first, A could scarcely be thought a gainer by the scheme. But this is parallel to the case where B is a much better shot than A."

"Before I can admit that the scheme of the precipice is an exact parallel to

that of the pistol," answered Gustavus, "you must prove that the consciousness of a good cause would not steady the hand of A, so as to give him a manifest superiority."

"Consciousness of having a right cause might indeed," said M. "string his nerves; but doubt about the means he was employing to maintain it, would unstring them. Besides, if B were a hackneyed shooter, practice would give him more firmness than right would give to A. Nor is it probable that any consciousness of wrong would most affect the worst of the two, because great offenders are usually more at ease than small ones."

"I see," said Gustavus, "the conclusion to which you would come."

"Undoubtedly," answered M. "if our definition of idiotism be accurate, these men would appear to be as much idiots as a slobbered chin, an acre of face, and saucer eyes could make them. Hav-

ing bodies, and knowing they have them, they act as though they had none. In order to obtain 'reparation' for one wound, they only expose themselves to another."

"If, however," said Gustavus, "you will not allow the injured individual to gain any 'reparation' by calling out his antagonist, you must admit that *the state* is *benefited by the chastisement* of a delinquent whom her *laws could not reach.*"

"By no means. In O. the laws provide a court of honour, which is not employed, only because her people think gunpowder a better measure of rights than laws. The state, therefore, in this case, scarcely needs any assistance. But more than this—she positively rejects this particular assistance, by enacting laws against it."

"Why is this?"

"Because the state is ill satisfied, that *two* of her citizens shall be exposed for

an offence which only *one* can have committed; that life should be endangered for an offence which, perhaps, scarcely merited a frown; that individuals should snatch the sword of justice from public hands. This last objection is paramount to every other. Admit (which is the principle of duelling), that every one may revenge what he deems his own wrongs, every man's hand might be raised against his brother—revenge and murder stalk abroad — and the world would be too narrow for any two of its inhabitants."

"But granting this," said Gustavus, "do you not imagine that much of the delicacy of honour, and courtesy of manner, the polish and forbearance of O. are owing to this practice of duelling?"

"It has been affirmed, but I question it. In the first place, if it were true, this influence is of little importance, as it *extends to few*, and those only of the higher classes, whom other circum-

stances would tend to polish. Again, duelling has plainly an opposite tendency —a tendency to barbarize states, by substituting brute courage for every other virtue."

"Why, I must confess," said Gustavus, "it seems extraordinary to be at once satisfied of the virtue of a man who had used false dice, destroyed my reputation, or seduced my sister, by simply his telling me, '*Sir, I carry* '*pistols.*'"

"But to proceed," said M.; "if duelling contributed to refine a people, its progress would be *hand in hand with their civilization.* Whereas it cannot be questioned that the science of quarrelling is now less studied, the grounds of contention less multiplied, and duels less abundant in O. than two centuries since; when every sigh of her Princesses was tainted with Geneva, and each Maid of Honour had a court allowance of beef and brown stout for her breakfast.—This

is not all—Duelling is to be considered as a *penalty* to which any man is subject who wounds the honour of another. It therefore *supposes* that delicacy of mind which you say it *creates;* for without this the offence would not have been felt, and therefore the penalty not incurred. Judges and hangmen *enforce* laws, but they do not make them: in like manner duelling may *enforce* the laws of good breeding, but it cannot *make* them."

"But still," said G. "you allow that duelling *diminishes* the *number of offences* which one man of O. would commit against another?"

"Even that is doubtful. By giving them an apparent method of vindicating their rights, it makes them more absurdly jealous of them; and they guard their dogs from insult with as much anxiety as their persons. Besides, as, amongst Christians, those who abstain from crimes rather on account of their consequences than from a hatred towards the

crimes themselves, acquire dishonourable and mercenery views of religion; so those shapes of O. who do not insult other shapes of O. only because they must afterwards fight them, are likely soon to become destitute of all kind and generous feelings, and therefore to quarrel more than ever."

"But perhaps," said G. "I have considered duelling upon improper grounds —the men of O. do not seek 'reparation' from it."

"You are right," answered M. "Even *they* are not generally so absurd. Nor, whatever Monboddo's theory may give you reason to suspect, is *revenge*, which, as Lord Bacon says, is '*wild* justice'—the justice of *monkies*—always their object; but it is the good opinion of the world which they thus seek 'even in the 'cannon's mouth.'"

"Is there no test," said G. "but being bullet-proof, to which characters could be brought?"

"The best expedient," replied M. "which could be employed would be, for the laws to give every aggrieved person a power of summoning a fixed number of unbiassed persons to decide upon his case, and to award the compensation which would best repair his wrongs. My honour is blemished by you; but it is not in the power of gunpowder to restore it; for if it give me the reputation of courage, it cannot, perhaps, do away the imputation you have thrown upon me. But persons selected from the public would represent the public: their voice would be the voice of the community; and their opinion would decide a case which in general is *only matter of opinion.* If, however, these *people had souls*, you see that no desire of the applause of others could arm them with pistols."

"No," answered Gustavus; "for such beings to fight, would be to brave God through fear of man."

"These, therefore," said M. "would be the most *criminal;* but can any thing be so *absurd* as the duellist of O.? He who thinks only of the body, exposes it to a contest in which every chance may be against him. He who calculates upon no life beyond this, yet stakes his only existence to procure the applause of a few shadows like himself."

## CHAP. XVII.

Our travellers had now searched almost every corner in O. for subjects of wonder, or for illustrations of their theory. But there is something in the contemplation of folly and vice which distresses a good mind. If men loved them less themselves, they would be more affected by them in others. Gustavus gave them successively a tear or a frown, as pity or disgust prevailed in his bosom.—In addition to this—as the storm which bruises the flower nourishes the tree—so *absence*, which starves a weak affection, had strengthened a strong one, and Gustavus felt every day a more anxious desire to return to Switzerland and Emily.

M. found him one day with these verses in his hand:

'T is *memory* says, that round thine eye
In liquid lustre circling fly
A thousand living rays;
Like as when round the pointed lance,
In harmless eye-deceiving dance,
The summer lightning idly plays *.

And memory says, that on thy brow
Is pencil'd such a peaceful bow
As oft bestrides the sky;
Prophetic too it seems to say,
That many a holy happy day
Is promis'd to my Emily.

I see thee, as the moon's pale beam
Silvers the scarcely heaving stream,
Count the slow waves which sullen break;
Or steal along the chequer'd isle,
While meek Devotion's sainted smile
Sits calmly on thine angel cheek.

I see thee climb the rugged steep,
Where poor Valette forgets to weep,
Cheer'd by thy pitying eye;

* This phenomenon is said to occur in some southern climates.

But never see that eye severe,
To frown on woe, or chide the tear
Of helpless, hopeless misery.

But why are these but *memory*'s themes,
Of joys expir'd, but lingering dreams,
The ghosts of what were mine?
In each low bell that strikes mine ear,
A mournful voice I seem to hear,
"Those joys no more are thine."

But yield me to my native oaks,
To laughing vallies bleach'd with flocks,
To nature's ribs of stone;
Another touch shall wake the string,
And sweetly Emily shall sing,
"Those joys are thine alone."

"I once remarked," said M. "that it was not *only sorrow* which made a poet. But let me add, that poetry had some obligations to you for not prostituting it to any base employments. Love, when it borrows the aid of numbers, sometimes sings in strains fit only for the seraglio. —We are not, however, to consider religion as an enemy to chaste affections;

—it is not meant to destroy love, but to sanctify it. And the influence of modest love is reciprocal—it does not wound religion, but adorns it."

"If," said Gustavus, "my poetry had taken a more questionable shape, you ought not to have wondered at it; for who can breathe the air of O. for sixty days, and not be corrupted by it? Who knows, indeed, but with a longer stay I may become a subject from which future Monboddo's may maintain the theory of their ancestors?"

"Do you then desire to go?" said M.

"Ah! yield me," he answered, "to my native oaks, To laughing vallies bleached"——

"We will go," said M. "to-morrow. You cannot love St. Foy better than I do."

## CHAP. XVIII.

If I marry Gustavus and Emily, it will be objected to me, that it is incredible a tale of truth like mine should terminate like a novel. But it is to be observed, that Nature will sometimes clash with the novellist, whatever industry the latter may employ to keep her at a distance.

If my readers, however, are offended at my thus treading in the iron rail-way of the writers of fiction, I am about to take a flight, which will convince them I am as eccentric as they could wish me to be. I request then all those who have followed me thus far, at once to quit every thought of the voyage, the meeting, and the altar; and to hurry onward with me to that point in the vale of life where Gustavus and Emily found themselves after some years.

I have seen this little circle; and I never saw a happier. The life of the older couple was like one of those days in which the sun is brightest at its setting.—"Man is *born* to sorrow as the sparks fly upward."—True; but, though nursed in sorrow, this child of woe may know a manhood and old age of peace and joy. I do not, however, say, that sorrow never came near their dwelling, but it always seemed, in their case, to be employed upon some new and mild errand. It met them without a frown; and was meant, therefore, not so much to chastise, as to improve them. I know no man who like M. could thus sanctify misfortune. "There are," he would say, "trees which we bruise to obtain a balsam: the wound is here inflicted,—it is ours to extract the medicine."

Gustavus and Emily were not of an age to make the most even of real misfortune. And their wants and wishes were so few, that there was scarcely what may

be called a "joint in their armour" where disappointment could hit them.

Let it not be thought that the inhabitants of a mountain must of necessity be idle; for, if so, they must be miserable. The mind that is hungry of duties will find them every where. The circle, indeed, is small, but he runs the whole of it—the sphere of example is narrow, but he shines through every point of it—and, in a single subject of woe, he finds employment for a charity wide as the world he treads on, and active as the air he breathes.

But Fortune now undertook herself to teach the lesson in which M. was beginning to instruct Gustavus—that those who have powers fitted to the discharge of public duties, must not shrink from them to the shades of oaks, and the felicities of solitude. That calm sunshine which had settled on the rocks of Switzerland was not to last for ever. One of these fiery spirits, which Heaven lets

loose to scourge mankind, had marked her for his prey. Could the natives of these rocks, free as the winds which roar around them, tamely crouch to the destroyer?—It needs a sterner heart than mine to watch the sword as it fleshes itself with human victims—to count the groans of the wounded, or the shouts of victory—and it needs a more ambitious pen to record them. I snatch, however, one wreath from the hand of the historian, to bind it on brows which will adorn it. Gustavus taught the invaders, that the best Christian is ever the best Patriot; and St. Foy wrote in blood the solemn truth, that there is no rampart like the breasts of a free people.

# NOTES.

## Note A, Page 105.

This, and some other affirmations that follow, may appear so questionable to those who are not well acquainted with this subject, that it has been thought necessary to produce some of the authorities on which they are founded. The important facts belonging to this traffic, may be found clearly and ably stated in a pamphlet entitled, "The State of the Question." Printed for Hatchard, Piccadilly.

## Note B, Page 105.

The capital employed in the Slave Trade does not, at the utmost, amount to more than 1,128,625*l.* "which is not one thirty-fourth part of the average capital employed in the exports of the country." State of the Question, page 34, 2d edition.

## Note C, Page 105.

"The profits of the negro traffic are universally allowed to be extremely uncertain. But the returns, even in the most advantageous transactions, are more *slow* than those of the most distant branches of foreign trade. The Slave Trade, therefore, draws that part of the national capital which it employs to the occupation of all others most uncertain and productive of most remote benefits. The other branches of our traffic are infinitely more sure, and possess the advantage, most of all conducive to the public good, that of much quicker returns." State of the Question, page 34. —To this it might be added, that the capital employed in the Jamaica trade does not in its average profits produce more than four per cent. Jam. Report, for 1805.

## Note D, Page 105.

These facts are unquestionable: 1. That the African trade does not employ one sixtieth of our tonnage. 2. That it does not employ one twenty-third part of our seamen. 3. That the average foreign trade of Great Britain employs more ton-

nage in the proportion of 50 to 30 according to the capital employed, than the Slave Trade. 4. That the mortality of seamen employed in the African commerce is greater in the proportion of 8 to 1 than that in the direct West India trade, which next to the Slave Trade is the most unwholesome in the universe. And yet this trade is the *nursery* of the British navy. Vide State of the Question, p. 39, 40, &c.; Report of Committee, 1789; Clarkson's Letters, Part II.

## Note E, Page 105.

It is plain, from a consideration of the returns of deaths, births, and importations, in the islands of Jamaica, Barbadoes, &c. that there is in all an excess of births above the deaths at this present moment; so that if the trade were to cease immediately, the stock of the islands would not only maintain itself, but increase. How much greater would be the increase, if the proportion of females were greater to that of males (which would soon be the case if no fresh importations took place); and if, by an inability to purchase, it should become the interest of the planters to breed!

" Some islands, even now, are well known to require no supply whatever, and to trust entirely to the natural means of increasing their stock." Vide State of the Question, p. 44, 46.

THE END.

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